BATMAN
No. 41
JUNE...JULY
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BAT MAN
A 52 PAGE MAGAZINE
Featuring
"BATMAN, Interplanetary Policeman"

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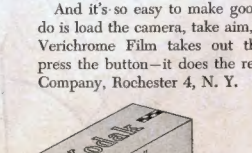

Kodak

BATMAN
WITH
ROBIN
- THE BOY WONDER -
BIRD STORE
BIRDS OF PREY FOR SALE CHEAP!
BATMAN & ROBIN. PROPRS.
320
PENGUIN
WHEN CROOKS GIVE THINGS AWAY, WATCH OUT! SOMETHING IS COOKING—AND ITS SOMEBODY'S GOOSE! AND ESPECIALLY WHEN THAT DROLL LITTLE CROOK WITH THE TRICK UMBRELLAS, THE PENGUIN, DISTRIBUTES "GIFTS" WITH SINISTER STRINGS ATTACHED... STRINGS THAT LEAD BATMAN AND ROBIN ALONG A LURID TRAIL OF SINISTER CRIMES, AS THEY FIGHT TO CLIP THE WINGS OF—
"THE BIRD CAGE BANDITS!"

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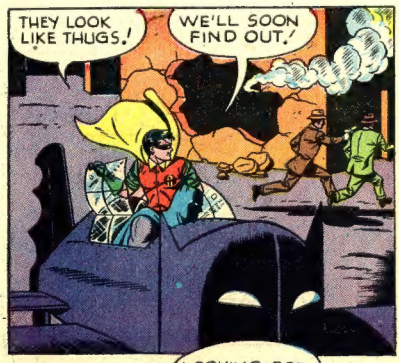
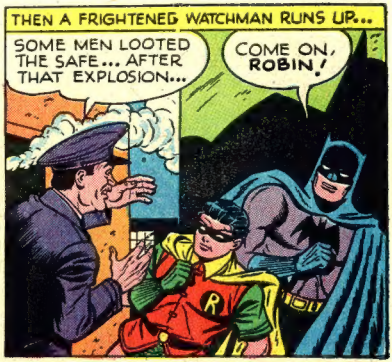
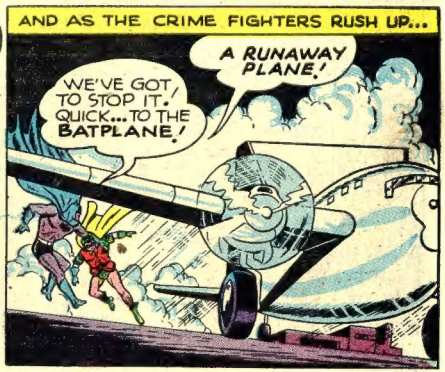
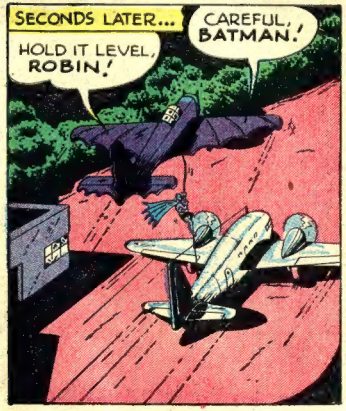
BIRDS COME HOME TO ROOST, THEY SAY... BUT HERE'S A HUMAN BIRD OF PREY LEAVING HOME!
NOW THAT YOU'RE FREE AGAIN, WILL YOU GO BACK TO ROOKING PEOPLE, PENGUIN?
I'M THROUGH WITH CRIME! SINCE MY HOBBY IS BIRDS, MY FRIEND, MR. BUZZARD, AND I WILL OPEN A BIRD STORE!
THE PENGUIN REFORMED? YES, IT LOOKS AS IF THE UMBRELLA CROOK IS REALLY GOING STRAIGHT!
PLEASE PRINT THAT TO ADVERTISE OUR OPENING WE ARE GIVING AWAY SPECIAL BIRDS TO NOTABLE PEOPLE!
TO ROBERT HAWK, THE PLANE MANUFACTURER, WE GAVE A HAWK; TO WALLACE NORTON, THE FAMOUS FISHERMAN, A KINGFISHER...
BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON—ALIAS BATMAN AND ROBIN—ARE SKEPTICAL...
SO THE PENGUIN IS GIVING AWAY BIRDS? I'LL BET THERE'S A CATCH TO IT!
BATMAN AND ROBIN HAD BETTER CHECK ON THOSE GIFTS!
DAILY TRUMPET
SOON, THE BATPLANE SWOOPS LOW OVER THE GREAT AIRPLANE FACTORY...
LOOK, AN EXPLOSION!
WE'LL LAND—AND SEE WHAT IT IS!
BOOM!
LATER, IN THEIR UNDERGROUND HANGAR, THE DYNAMIC DUO READIES THE BATPLANE FOR ACTION...
NEWSPAPERS SAY THAT ROBERT HAWK KEEPS THE HAWK PENGUIN GAVE HIM AT HIS FACTORY.
WE'LL GO THERE FIRST!

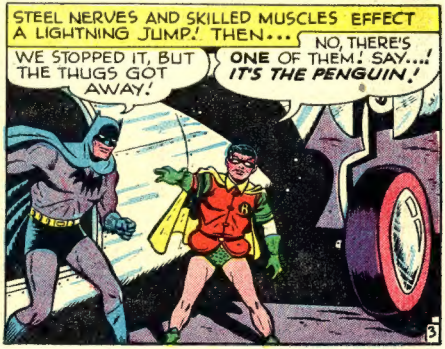

THEY LOOK LIKE THUGS!
WE'LL SOON FIND OUT!


THEN A FRIGHTENED WATCHMAN RUNS UP...
SOME MEN LOOTED THE SAFE... AFTER THAT EXPLOSION...
COME ON, ROBIN!

IT'S BATMAN AND ROBIN! HOW DID THEY GET HERE?
LOOKING FOR TROUBLE, EH? WELL, THEY FOUND IT! START ONE OF THOSE PLANES!

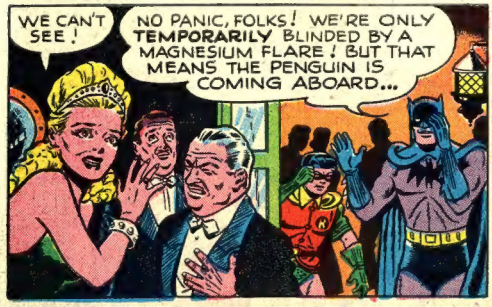

AND AS THE CRIME FIGHTERS RUSH UP...
A RUNAWAY PLANE!
WE'VE GOT TO STOP IT. QUICK... TO THE BATPLANE!


SECONDS LATER...
CAREFUL, BATMAN!
HOLD IT LEVEL, ROBIN!


STEEL NERVES AND SKILLED MUSCLES EFFECT A LIGHTNING JUMP! THEN...
NO, THERE'S ONE OF THEM! SAY...! IT'S THE PENGUIN!
WE STOPPED IT, BUT THE THUGS GOT AWAY!

SO YOU AND YOUR THUGS ROBBED THAT SAFE?
I KNOW NOTHING OF THUGS, MUGS! I'M HERE TO SEE MY BIRD!
A LIKELY STORY, PENGUIN!
YOU'RE ANNOYING AN HONEST MAN! HERE COMES MR. HAWK! HE'LL PROVE MY STORY!
YES, THE PENGUIN CAME HERE TO CARE FOR THE HAWK HE GAVE ME!
YOU SEE, BATMAN, YOU HAVE DONE ME A CRUEL INJUSTICE! GOOD NIGHT!
LATER...
THEY STOLE MY SECRET BLUEPRINTS!
BUT THE GUARD SAYS EVERYONE IS SEARCHED AT THE GATE. HOW DID THEY GET EXPLOSIVES IN HERE?
LATER...
THAT'S THE CAGE IN WHICH THE PENGUIN BROUGHT THE HAWK.
...HMM... IT COULD HAVE HAD A TIME-BOMB HIDDEN IN IT.
BUT BATMAN WE CAN'T PROVE THE PENGUIN'S GIFT BIRDCAGE WAS A BOOBY TRAP.
WE'LL EXAMINE THE OTHER GIFT BIRDS AND CAGES. HE GAVE ONE TO NORTON, THE FAMOUS FISHERMAN—

—AND NORTON LIVES ON HIS YACHT.' WE'LL VISIT HIM...
LOOKS LIKE HE'S THROWING A PARTY.'
ABOARD THE YACHT...
YES, IT'S THE BIRD THAT ODD LITTLE CHAP WHO RUNS A BIRD STORE GAVE ME.'
A KINGFISHER!
SUDDENLY, TWO COLORFUL MASKED FIGURES JOIN THE GLITTERING PARTY.'
WHAT—.' WHO—WHY, IT'S BATMAN.'
QUICK—GET AWAY FROM THAT BIRD CAGE.'
SORRY TO INTRUDE, BUT THAT BIRD CAGE MAY BE A BOOBY TRAP.'
WHAT—?
BUT BATMAN'S SWIFT ACTION COMES TOO LATE! THERE'S A LOUD ROAR... A DAZZLING GLARE...
I'M BLINDED.' I CAN'T SEE.'
THIS CAGE HAS A FALSE BOTTOM! AND SOMETHING INSIDE IT IS TICKING.' WE'VE GOT TO GET IT OUT OF HERE—
TICK TICK


WE CAN'T SEE!
NO PANIC, FOLKS! WE'RE ONLY TEMPORARILY BLINDED BY A MAGNESIUM FLARE! BUT THAT MEANS THE PENGUIN IS COMING ABOARD...

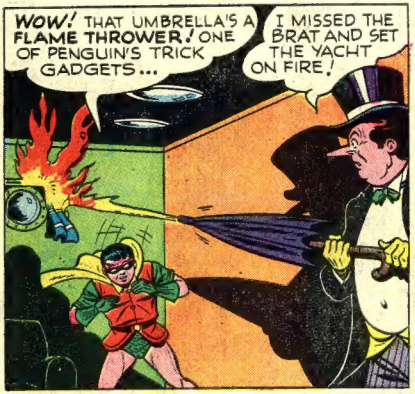
AGAIN BATMAN GUESSES RIGHT!
IT WENT OFF ON THE DOT! NOW TO RELIEVE MR. NORTON'S GUESTS OF THEIR JEWELS!

SO, EVEN BATMAN IS BLINDED BY MY BRILLIANCE! QUICK, GET THE LOOT BEFORE THEY CAN SEE AGAIN!
IF I CAN FIND THE LIGHT SWITCH— AH, HERE IT IS!

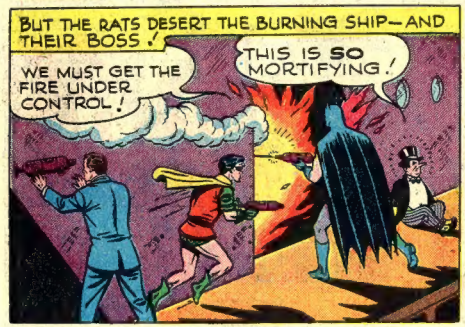
THE SWITCH IS PRESSED AND PITCH DARKNESS ENFOLDS THE ROOM!
NOW WE'RE ON EQUAL TERMS! GRAB THEM, ROBIN!
EGAD, I WASN'T COUNTING ON THIS!

IF YOU HAVE GEMS IN YOUR HANDS, YOU'RE BANDITS! AND YOU AREN'T CARRYING HAY!
OUCH!

I'LL LOCK THE DOOR TO KEEP THEM IN, BATMAN!
NO YOU WON'T, BRAT!

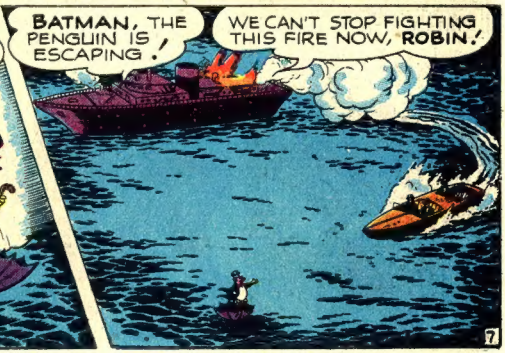

WOW! THAT UMBRELLA'S A FLAME THROWER! ONE OF PENGUIN'S TRICK GADGETS...
I MISSED THE BRAT AND SET THE YACHT ON FIRE!

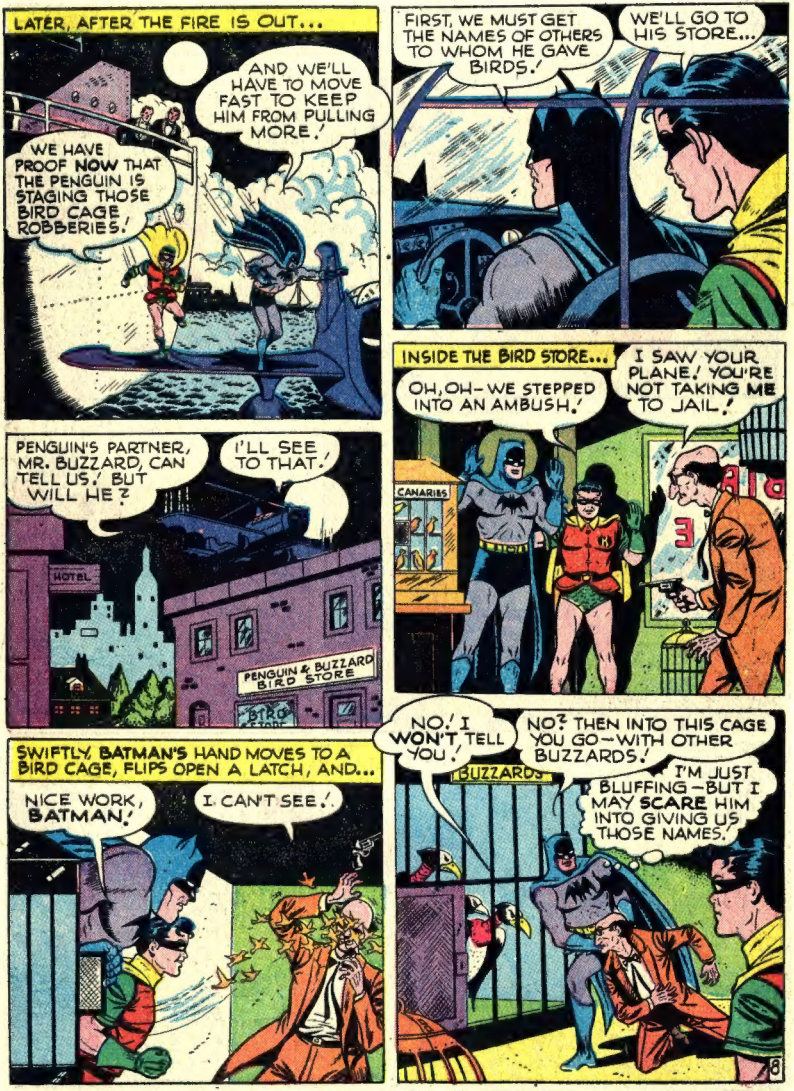
AS THE BLAZE SPREADS, BATMAN AND ROBIN REGAIN THEIR SIGHT.
LEMME OUTA HERE!
YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME LIKE THIS!


BUT THE RATS DESERT THE BURNING SHIP—AND THEIR BOSS!
WE MUST GET THE FIRE UNDER CONTROL!
THIS IS SO MORTIFYING!

IF I CAN BURN THIS ROPE...

—I CAN SPEAD MY WINGS AND ESCAPE!


BATMAN, THE PENGUIN IS ESCAPING!
WE CAN'T STOP FIGHTING THIS FIRE NOW, ROBIN!


LATER, AFTER THE FIRE IS OUT...
AND WE'LL HAVE TO MOVE FAST TO KEEP HIM FROM PULLING MORE.!
WE HAVE PROOF NOW THAT THE PENGUIN IS STAGING THOSE BIRD CAGE ROBBERIES.!
FIRST, WE MUST GET THE NAMES OF OTHERS TO WHOM HE GAVE BIRDS.!
WE'LL GO TO HIS STORE...
PENGUIN'S PARTNER, MR. BUZZARD, CAN TELL US.! BUT WILL HE?
I'LL SEE TO THAT.!
HOTEL
PENGUIN & BUZZARD BIRD STORE
BIRD
INSIDE THE BIRD STORE...
OH, OH—WE STEPPED INTO AN AMBUSH.!
I SAW YOUR PLANE.! YOU'RE NOT TAKING ME TO JAIL.!
CANARIES
SWIFTLY, BATMAN'S HAND MOVES TO A BIRD CAGE, FLIPS OPEN A LATCH, AND...
NICE WORK, BATMAN.!
I CAN'T SEE.!
NO.! I WON'T TELL YOU.!
NO? THEN INTO THIS CAGE YOU GO—WITH OTHER BUZZARDS.!
BUZZARDS
I'M JUST BLUFFING—BUT I MAY SCARE HIM INTO GIVING US THOSE NAMES.!

I'LL TELL! WE GAVE A CAGE OF MARTINS TO MERRILL MARTIN... AND A CAGE OF SNOWBIRDS TO JOHN WHITLEY OF SNOWBIRD LODGE...
ROBIN, CALL THE POLICE TO CAGE THIS BUZZARD!
MOMENTS LATER...
I'LL GO UP TO SNOWBIRD LODGE IN THE BATPLANE! YOU WARN MERRILL MARTIN, AND FOLLOW ME IN THE BATMOBILE!
RIGHT!
SOON, IN THE HOME OF MERRILL MARTIN, ART COLLECTOR...
SEE, A TIME-FUSED FIRE BOMB! AND THE PENGUIN'S MOB WOULD HAVE ENTERED DURING THE FIRE AND STOLEN YOUR PAINTINGS!
GOOD HEAVENS!
AFTER REMOVING THE BOOBY TRAP, ROBIN DRIVES TO SNOWBIRD LODGE, WINTER SPORTS RESORT FOR THE WEALTHY...
WHAT A PLACE! THE PENGUIN WOULD FIND RICH PICKINGS HERE! I HOPE BATMAN WAS IN TIME.
SLOW
SNOWBIRD LODGE ONE MILE AHEAD
MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE LODGE...
I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT! THERE'S NO BOOBY TRAP IN THIS CAGE!
THAT'S A RELIEF! WE'RE HOLDING OUR BIG BOBSLED RACE TODAY!
THERE MUST BE A TRICK TO IT... I'LL EXAMINE THE BIRDS...

THE BIRDS ARE ALL RIGHT, TOO, STRANGE...
HERE COMES ONE OF THE BOBSLED TEAMS NOW!
SUDDENLY, AS BATMAN PUZZLES OVER THE RIDDLE...
ANESTHETIC GAS! COUGH-CHOKE-
IT CAME FROM THE EGGS IN THE CAGE! THEY WERE TIME-FUSED GAS BOOBY TRAPS! CHOKE-COUGH-
AS THE POWERFUL GAS SWIFTLY OVERCOMES ALL IN THE LODGE—
THE GAS EGGS DID A GOOD JOB! AND THESE BOBSLED SNOW MASKS PROTECT US!
OFFICE
SAFE
I'LL GIVE MY LITTLE BIRD FRIENDS SOME AIR... BUT ONE OF THEM IS GONE! NOW, WHERE—
COME ON, PENGUIN! THE GAS IS THINNING OUT AND THEY'LL BE WAKING UP!
LOOK, THE BATMOBILE! IT MUST BE BATMAN'S PAL!
LET'S BE ON OUR WAY! ONE OF THESE BOBSLEDS WILL CARRY US DOWN TO OUR CAR IN EXPRESS TIME!
BOBSLED TRACK
WHY DON'T YOU THROW AWAY THAT BIRD CAGE?
NO, MY LITTLE WINGED FRIEND IS WAKING UP!... EGAD, THIS IS THRILLING!
81

THE PENGUIN'S MOB! BUT WHERE'S BATMAN?
BATMAN! THE PENGUIN'S ESCAPING!
MY HEAD'S CLEARING FAST! COME ON—WE'LL FOLLOW HIM!
SECONDS LATER...
WE CAN OVERTAKE THEM—IF WE DON'T USE THE BRAKE!
LET'S GO!
WOW! IT'S LIKE DIVING THE BATPLANE!
WE'RE GAINING ON THEM!
I HATE TO SPOIL GOOD COASTING, BUT IT'S NECESSARY!
AS THE TRICK UMBRELLA UNFOLDS, A WIRE NET DROPS ACROSS THE BOBSLED RUN!
BATMAN, THOSE WIRES—TOO LATE!
BATS AND ROBINS SHOULD NOT TRY TO BE SNOWBIRDS!

MOMENTS LATER...
THEY GOT AWAY IN THEIR CAR!
COME ON BACK TO THE LODGE. I'VE GOT AN IDEA...
THIS OTHER SNOWBIRD IS THE MATE TO THE ONE THE PENGUIN TOOK WITH HIM! AND A BIRD WILL ALWAYS FLY TO HIS MATE.'
AND WE'LL FOLLOW HIM IN THE BATPLANE!
LOOK! MY OTHER LITTLE FRIEND HAS FOLLOWED ITS MATE.'
AND BATMAN HAS FOLLOWED IT.' THERE'S THE BATPLANE!
THERE'S THE PENGUIN.' BUT HOW CAN WE STOP HIS CAR?
THE BATPLANE'S JETS WILL CUT INTO THIS SNOW-BANK AND START AN AVALANCHE...
—THAT WILL STOP THEM COLD.' AND I MEAN COLD!
ARK! CHOKE!
WHEN AN ANGRY PENGUIN IS DUG OUT OF THE SNOW—
IT'S NICE WE COULD USE A BIRD TO STOP THIS BIRD-LOVER'S CRIMES.'
DRAT!
THE END

TAKE MY TIP
JUST TOOK A DOUBLE HELPING
"I TAKE A TIP FROM A LOT OF OTHER BALL PLAYERS," SAYS JERRY WITTE. "I GET MY BREAKFAST STARTED WITH MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES,—'BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS,' THOSE WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES. WHEATIES, TASTE MIGHTY GOOD. THEY COME THROUGH IN THE NOURISHMENT DEPARTMENT, TOO"
I'M PLAYING WITTE DEEP
HE EATS WHEATIES
WITTE TOPPED ASSOCIATION SLUGGERS WITH 46 HOMERS—SECOND BEST RECORD FOR RIGHT-HANDED BATTERS IN THE LOOP'S HISTORY. HE DROVE IN 120 RUNS
Jerry WITTE
1946 WINNER OF THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION'S "MOST VALUABLE PLAYER" AWARD... NOW WITH THE ST. LOUIS BROWNS
A MEMBER OF THE TOLEDO MUD HENS' ROOKIE CROP, WITTE CRACKED OUT THREE CONSECUTIVE HOME RUNS (AGAINST THREE DIFFERENT PITCHERS) IN THE ASSOCIATION'S 1946 ALL-STAR GAME
WHEATIES
Breakfast of Champions
THIS FRESHMAN LEARNS FAST
COACH

WHEATIES "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS" WITH MILK AND FRUIT

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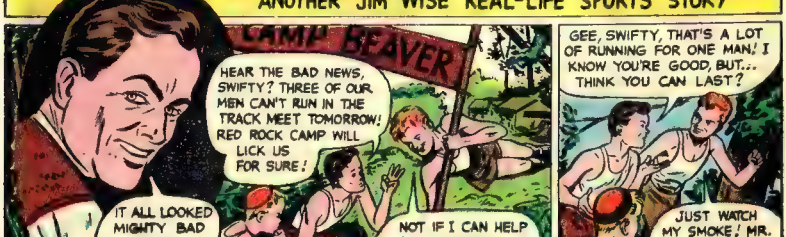
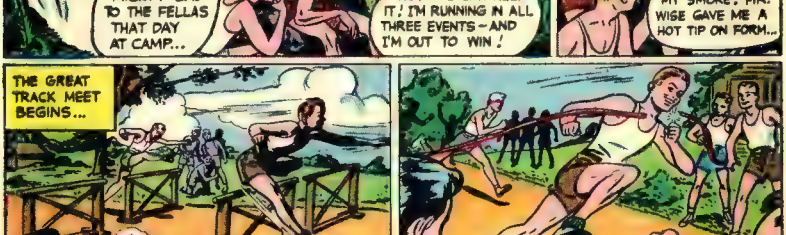
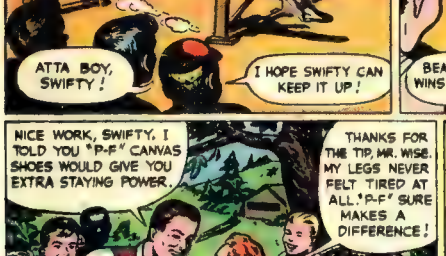
SWIFTY SEAVER WINS FOR BEAVER

ANOTHER JIM WISE REAL-LIFE SPORTS STORY


CAMP BEAVER
IT ALL LOOKED MIGHTY BAD TO THE FELLAS THAT DAY AT CAMP...
HEAR THE BAD NEWS, SWIFTY? THREE OF OUR MEN CAN'T RUN IN THE TRACK MEET TOMORROW! RED ROCK CAMP WILL LICK US FOR SURE!
NOT IF I CAN HELP IT! I'M RUNNING IN ALL THREE EVENTS—AND I'M OUT TO WIN!
GEE, SWIFTY, THAT'S A LOT OF RUNNING FOR ONE MAN! I KNOW YOU'RE GOOD, BUT... THINK YOU CAN LAST?
JUST WATCH MY SMOKE! MR. WISE GAVE ME A HOT TIP ON FORM...




NICE WORK, SWIFTY. I TOLD YOU "P-F" CANVAS SHOES WOULD GIVE YOU EXTRA STAYING POWER.
THANKS FOR THE TIP, MR. WISE. MY LEGS NEVER FELT TIRED AT ALL. "P-F" SURE MAKES A DIFFERENCE!
"P-F"? WHAT'S THAT?

WHAT MR. WISE SAID ABOUT "P-F"

HERE'S WHY "P-F" GIVES YOU MORE STAYING POWER:

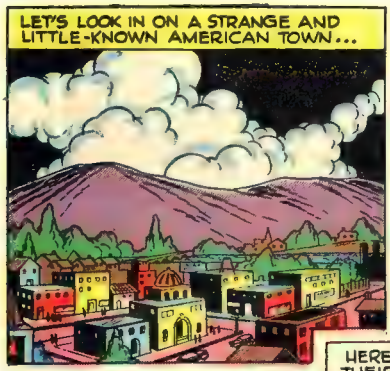
1. THIS RIGID WEDGE KEEPS THE BONES OF THE FOOT IN THEIR NATURAL, NORMAL POSITION.
2. THIS SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION ASSURES COMFORT FOR THE SENSITIVE AREA OF THE FOOT.

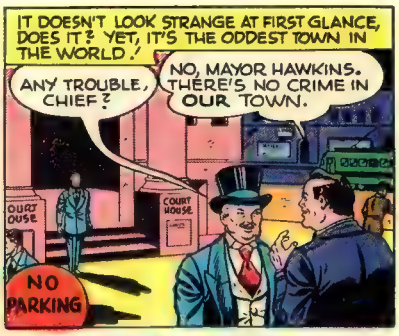
"P-F"

MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION... A PATENTED FEATURE FOUND ONLY IN CAMAS SHOES MADE BY

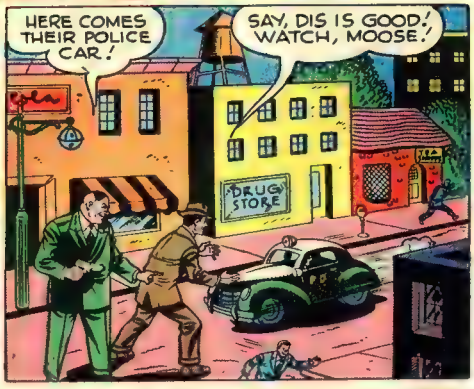
B.F.Goodrich AND HOOD RUBBER CO.

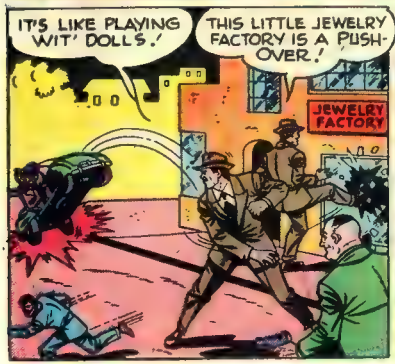
BAT MAN
WITH
ROBIN
IT'S A SMALL WORLD, DECLARES AN OLD SAYING, AND IT'S AN EVEN SMALLER WORLD THAN USUAL IN ONE CORNER OF MODERN AMERICA, WHERE THE ELVES AND LEPRECHAUNS AND LITTLE PEOPLE OF LEGEND STILL SEEM TO DWELL. HOWEVER, THESE LITTLE PEOPLE ARE NOT LEGEND—THEY'RE REAL FACT! AND WHEN CRAFTY MOBSTERS TRY TO EXPLOIT THAT FACT FOR CRIME, BATMAN AND ROBIN AND THEIR TINY ALLIES SEEK TO TURN THE TABLES ON...
"THE BANDITS OF TINY TOWN!"
POLICE STATION
BOB KANE

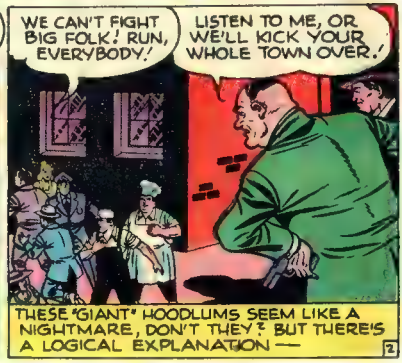

LET'S LOOK IN ON A STRANGE AND LITTLE-KNOWN AMERICAN TOWN...


IT DOESN'T LOOK STRANGE AT FIRST GLANCE, DOES IT? YET, IT'S THE ODDEST TOWN IN THE WORLD!
ANY TROUBLE, CHIEF?
NO, MAYOR HAWKINS. THERE'S NO CRIME IN OUR TOWN.
COURT HOUSE
NO PARKING

SUDDENLY...
BANDITS FROM OUTSIDE! THEY'RE RAIDING OUR TOWN!
CALL OUT EVERY MAN ON THE FORCE!


HERE COMES THEIR POLICE CAR!
SAY, DIS IS GOOD! WATCH, MOOSE!
DRUG STORE


IT'S LIKE PLAYING WIT' DOLLS!
THIS LITTLE JEWELRY FACTORY IS A PUSH-OVER!
JEWELRY FACTORY


WE CAN'T FIGHT BIG FOLK! RUN, EVERYBODY!
LISTEN TO ME, OR WE'LL KICK YOUR WHOLE TOWN OVER!
THESE 'GIANT' HOODLUMS SEEM LIKE A NIGHTMARE, DON'T THEY? BUT THERE'S A LOGICAL EXPLANATION —

FOR THIS TOWN IS ONLY ONE-FOURTH OF NORMAL SIZE, AND ITS PEOPLE ARE ALL MIDGETS! RETIRED FROM CIRCUS AND THEATER JOBS, THESE LITTLE FOLK BANDED TOGETHER AND BUILT MIDGET CITY TO THEIR OWN SCALE! AND HERE THEY'VE PROSPERED, MAKING FINE JEWELRY, A WORK IN WHICH TINY HANDS ARE AN ADVANTAGE. BUT NOW "MOOSE" MILLER'S THUGS TAKE OVER...

I CLEANED OUT DA JEWELRY FACTORY, MOOSE.'

AND HERE'S THE MAYOR AND HIS DAUGHTER.'

THEY CAN'T DO THIS TO ME, CAROL!

HERE COMES JOHNNY WISTER.' HE'LL SAVE US.'

JOHNNY WISTER MAY BE ONLY TWO FEET HIGH, BUT NO BRAVER KNIGHT EVER DASHED TO HIS LADY'S DEFENSE!

I'M COMING, CAROL.'

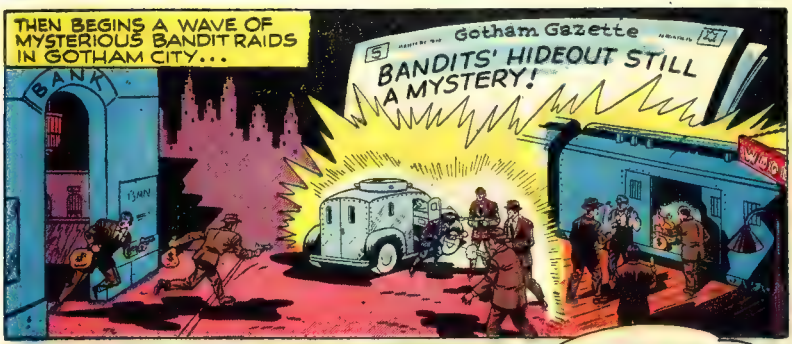
JOHNNY, LOOK OUT BEHIND YOU.'

DIS'LL KEEP YOU OUT OF TROUBLE, PINT-SIZE.'

LISTEN, YOU MIDGETS.' WE'RE TAKING OVER YOUR TOWN.'

THE GOTHAM CITY COPS WILL NEVER THINK OF LOOKING FOR US HERE. YOUR TOWN HALL IS BIG ENOUGH FOR US TO LIVE IN.' AND YOU'LL ALL DO AS WE SAY, OR WE'LL FIX YOUR MAYOR AND HIS DAUGHTER.'

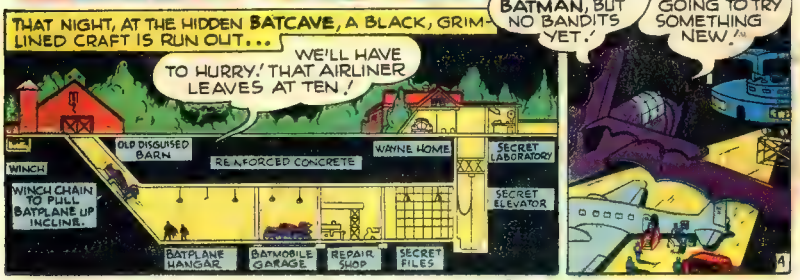
IF WE DON'T OBEY THEM, THEY'LL KILL THE MAYOR AND CAROL.'


THEN BEGINS A WAVE OF MYSTERIOUS BANDIT RAIDS IN GOTHAM CITY...
BANK
Gotham Gazette
BANDITS' HIDEOUT STILL A MYSTERY!

—THAT SOON DRAWS TWO FAMILIAR FIGURES INTO THEIR ODDEST ADVENTURE!
LOOK, ROBIN, THE BATSIGNAL! COMMISSIONER GORDON WANTS US! LET'S GO!

AT COMMISSIONER GORDON'S OFFICE...
THOSE BANDITS ARE TERRORIZING THE WHOLE UPSTATE AREA! WE CAN'T FIND THEIR HIDEOUT!
THEN WE'LL HAVE TO CATCH THEM IN THE ACT AND FOLLOW THEM! WHEN IS THE NEXT BIG MONEY SHIPMENT?

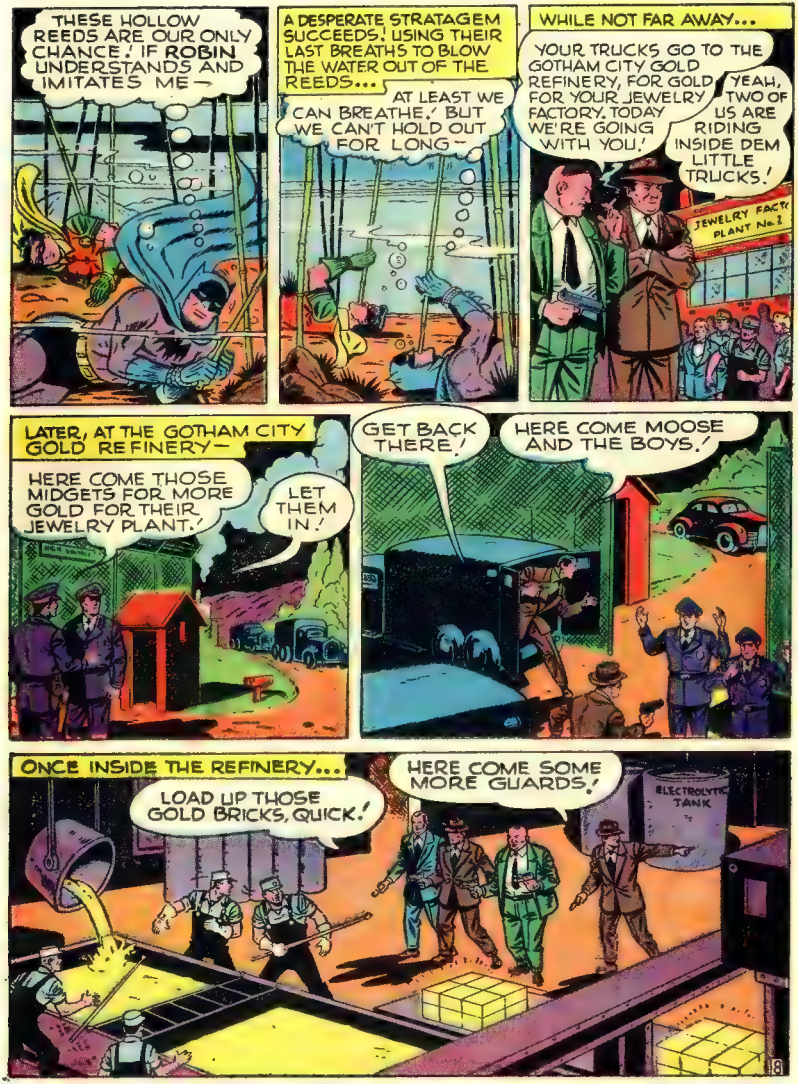
A BIG FACTORY PAYROLL LEAVES CENTRAL CITY BY AIR-EXPRESS TONIGHT!
THEN WE'LL BE THERE TO SEE IT OFF!

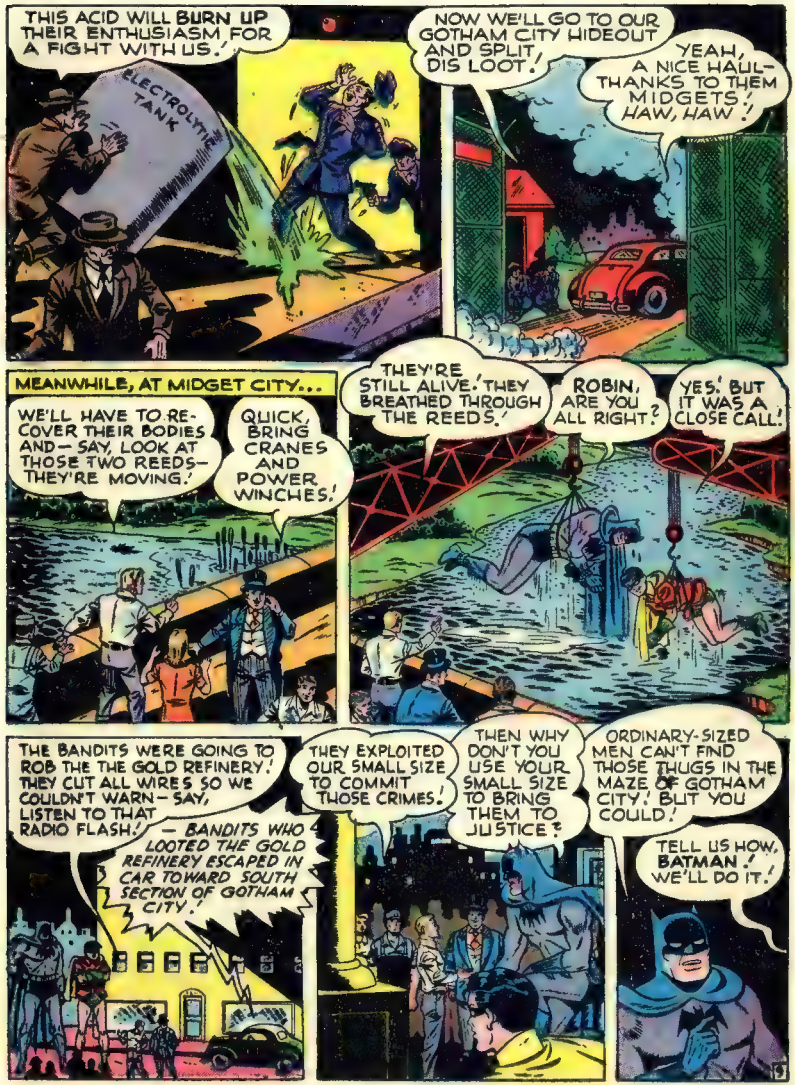

THAT NIGHT, AT THE HIDDEN BATCAVE, A BLACK, GRIM-LINED CRAFT IS RUN OUT...
WE'LL HAVE TO HURRY! THAT AIRLINER LEAVES AT TEN!
OLD DISGUISED BARN
REINFORCED CONCRETE
WAYNE HOME
SECRET LABORATORY
WINCH
WINCH CHAIN TO PULL BATPLANE UP INCLINE.
SECRET ELEVATOR
BATPLANE HANGAR
BATMOBILE GARAGE
REPAIR SHOP
SECRET FILES
SHORTLY, OVER CENTRAL CITY AIRPORT...
THEY'VE PUT THE MONEY ABOARD, BATMAN, BUT NO BANDITS YET!
MAYBE THE CROOKS ARE GOING TO TRY SOMETHING NEW!

A GOOD GUESS, BATMAN! MOOSE MILLER'S BAND IS TRYING A BRAND-NEW STRATAGEM IN CRIME TONIGHT!
QUICK, I WANT TO SHIP THIS BOX ON THAT AIRLINER.'
YOU JUST MADE IT, MISTER!
AIR-EXPRESS
THERE GOES THE AIRLINER AND THE BANDITS NEVER SHOWED UP.'
I'M NOT SO SURE.' LET'S FOLLOW THAT LINER..'
DO YOU THINK THE BANDITS ARE INSIDE THE LINER?
NO, FOR THE MONEY IS WITH THE EXPRESS-CARGO IN THE PLANE'S TAIL, AND CAN'T BE REACHED DURING FLIGHT.'
BUT INSIDE THE EXPRESS COMPARTMENT...
HERE'S THE MONEY, ALL RIGHT.' AND I'M SUPPOSED TO JUMP WITH IT RIGHT NOW-
WILL GALLANT LITTLE JOHNNY WISTER BE A PARTNER TO THIS CRIME?
BATMAN, SOMEONE JUMPED FROM THE AIR-LINER.'
I SAW IT- AND HERE WE GO AFTER HIM!

LOOK! THE LITTLE GUY JUMPED — WITHOUT THE MONEY!
DIDN'T I TELL YOU WHAT WE'D DO TO CAROL IF YOU FAILED US?
CAROL WOULDN'T WANT ME TO BE A THIEF, AND I WON'T BE! IF YOU HARM HER...
MOOSE, THERE'S THE BATPLANE!
AS THE BATPLANE ROARS DOWN, CALLOUS THUGS USE A BRUTAL TRICK—
BATMAN WILL HIT THE LITTLE GUY AND THAT'LL DELAY HIM!
QUICK, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
THEY'RE GETTING AWAY IN THEIR CAR, BATMAN!
I COULDN'T HIT THAT LITTLE FELLOW ON THE GROUND!
QUICKLY RETURNING AND LANDING...
ONE OF THE EXPRESS THIEVES! AND HE'S A MIDGET!
I'M NO THIEF! BUT MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE OBEYED THEM— THEY'LL TAKE IT OUT ON CAROL!
TELL US ABOUT IT! IF YOU'RE NOT ONE OF THEM, MAYBE WE CAN HELP YOU!
SAY, YOU'RE BATMAN!

QUICKLY JOHNNY WISTER'S STORY IS TOLD...
THE BANDITS ARE HIDING IN OUR TOWN! THEY'RE PLANNING A BIG NEW ROBBERY.'
WE'RE GOING TO MIDGET CITY! AND WE'LL KEEP THEM FROM HARMING YOUR CAROL.'
LATER, AS THE THUGS RETURN TO THE TINY TOWN...
BATMAN GOT HERE AHEAD OF US IN THE BATPLANE.'
BATS ARE ALWAYS FASTER THAN RATS.'
HERE'S ONE ON THE HOUSE.'
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO STOP THAT PAIR.'
STOP IT, OR I'LL TOSS THIS LITTLE DAME, ON HER HEAD.
WE CAN'T LET HER BE HARMED! HOLD ON, ROBIN.'
WHAT'LL WE DO WIT' 'EM, MOOSE?
PUT WEIGHTS ON 'EM AND DROP 'EM INTO THAT MIDGET RIVER.'
SO LONG, SAPS!
NOW WE'LL PULL THAT LAST BIG JOB WE PLANNED.


THESE HOLLOW REEDS ARE OUR ONLY CHANCE! IF ROBIN UNDERSTANDS AND IMITATES ME—
A DESPERATE STRATAGEM SUCCEEDS! USING THEIR LAST BREATHS TO BLOW THE WATER OUT OF THE REEDS...
AT LEAST WE CAN BREATHE,' BUT WE CAN'T HOLD OUT FOR LONG—
WHILE NOT FAR AWAY...
YOUR TRUCKS GO TO THE GOTHAM CITY GOLD REFINERY, FOR GOLD FOR YOUR JEWELRY FACTORY. TODAY WE'RE GOING WITH YOU!
YEAH, TWO OF US ARE RIDING INSIDE DEM LITTLE TRUCKS!
JEWELRY FACTORY PLANT No. 2
LATER, AT THE GOTHAM CITY GOLD REFINERY—
HERE COME THOSE MIDGETS FOR MORE GOLD FOR THEIR JEWELRY PLANT!
LET THEM IN!
GET BACK THERE!
HERE COME MOOSE AND THE BOYS!
ONCE INSIDE THE REFINERY...
LOAD UP THOSE GOLD BRICKS, QUICK!
HERE COME SOME MORE GUARDS!
ELECTROLYTIC TANK


THIS ACID WILL BURN UP THEIR ENTHUSIASM FOR A FIGHT WITH US.!
ELECTROLYTIC TANK
NOW WE'LL GO TO OUR GOTHAM CITY HIDEOUT AND SPLIT DIS LOOT.!
YEAH, A NICE HAUL— THANKS TO THEM MIDGETS! HAW, HAW!
MEANWHILE, AT MIDGET CITY...
WE'LL HAVE TO RE-COVER THEIR BODIES AND— SAY, LOOK AT THOSE TWO REEDS— THEY'RE MOVING.!
QUICK, BRING CRANES AND POWER WINCHES!
THEY'RE STILL ALIVE.! THEY BREATHED THROUGH THE REEDS.!
ROBIN, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT.?
YES.! BUT IT WAS A CLOSE CALL!
THE BANDITS WERE GOING TO ROB THE THE GOLD REFINERY.! THEY CUT ALL WIRES SO WE COULDN'T WARN— SAY, LISTEN TO THAT RADIO FLASH.!
— BANDITS WHO LOOTED THE GOLD REFINERY ESCAPED IN CAR TOWARD SOUTH SECTION OF GOTHAM CITY.!
THEY EXPLOITED OUR SMALL SIZE TO COMMIT THOSE CRIMES.!
THEN WHY DON'T YOU USE YOUR SMALL SIZE TO BRING THEM TO JUSTICE.?
ORDINARY-SIZED MEN CAN'T FIND THOSE THUGS IN THE MAZE OF GOTHAM CITY.! BUT YOU COULD.!
TELL US HOW, BATMAN.! WE'LL DO IT.!

LATER, THE STRANGEST ARMY OF MAN-HUNTERS IN HISTORY ARRIVES IN GOTHAM CITY!
THE THUGS DISAPPEARED IN THIS SECTION! IF YOU CAN FIND THEM, ROBIN AND I WILL CORRAL THEM!
COME ON, MEN—YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!
AN AMAZING INVASION OF THE METROPOLIS BEGINS!
WE'LL SEARCH THE BUILDINGS ON THIS SIDE OF THE STREET FIRST!
UNSUSPECTING CITIZENS BEGIN TO THINK THEIR HOUSES ARE HAUNTED!
EEK! THERE'S AN ELF IN THE VENTILATOR!
YOU'VE BEEN READING TOO MANY FAIRY TALES! EAT YOUR SUPPER!
YOU TAKE THAT CHIMNEY! BE SURE TO LOOK INTO EVERY ROOM!
POLICE IN THE DUMBWAITER! AM I GOING CRAZY?
NO THUGS IN HERE! NEXT FLOOR!
MEANWHILE, IN A NEARBY LOFT, MOOSE MILLER'S GANG DIVIDE THEIR LOOT...
RELAX! THE COPS'LL NEVER THINK OF LOOKING FOR US IN A TOY WAREHOUSE!
HA, HA! DESE TOYS REMIND ME OF DEM MIDGETS!

I'VE FOUND THEM, AND NOW—OH, OH, THEY'VE SEEN ME!
ONE OF THE MIDGETS! GET HIM!
NO TIME TO GET BACK INTO THE CHIMNEY, BUT THIS TOY AUTO RUNS FASTER THAN I CAN!
THE SIGNAL! THEY'VE FOUND THE BANDITS!
THIS WAY, MEN!
AND THIS TOY PARACHUTE WILL HOLD ME UP LONG ENOUGH TO GIVE BATMAN THE SIGNAL!
MOMENTS LATER...
MOOSE, MIDGETS ARE COMING OUTA DA WALLS! HUNDREDS OF 'EM!
WE'LL HAVE TO SHOOT OUR WAY OUT, MEN...
BUT AS THEY ENTER THE HIDEOUT BUILDING...
THEY'RE DESPERATE NOW THAT WE HAVE THEM CORNERED! WE CAN'T RUSH THESE STAIRS!
CRACK!
WE CAN GET UP THROUGH THE PIPES AND CHIMNEYS AND DISTRACT THEM, BATMAN!

THEN—THE ATTACK!
THEY'RE LIKE ANTS. YOU CAN'T SHAKE 'EM OFF!
AND WE'RE A LITTLE HARD TO SHAKE OFF, TOO.'
MY LITTLE PALS ON THE FLOOR WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU.'
YES, THE DYNAMIC DUO AND THEIR TINY ALLIES ARE TOO MUCH FOR THE STARTLED BANDITS.'
AREN'T YOU A LITTLE BIG TO BE PLAYING WITH DOLLS?
WE TIED THEM UP AS FAST AS YOU AND ROBIN KNOCKED THEM DOWN.'
NOW YOU SEE THAT BEING SMALL-SIZED CAN BE AN ADVANTAGE.'
YOU'VE TAUGHT US THAT.' AND IN GRATITUDE, WE WANT TO PRESENT YOU WITH A FINE GIFT.'
LATER, IN BATMAN'S HALL OF TROPHIES—
THEY SURELY GAVE US A FINE PRESENT—A BEAUTIFUL NEW HOUSE.'
YES, BUT WE CAN'T EVEN GET INSIDE IT.'
THE END

PRIZES!
HOT-IRON TRANSFERS!
YES! PICTURES THAT MOM CAN IRON RIGHT ON YOUR SHIRT! EVERY KID ON THE BLOCK WILL ENVY YOU!
GET THEM IN Kellogg's SHREDDED WHEAT! WEAR THEM ON SHIRTS, BANDANAS!
MOM JUST PRESSES THEM ON WITH A HOT IRON! SHARP, CLEAR— MEASURE UP TO 4¼ INCHES BY 2½ INCHES

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EASY TO PUT ON! Mom simply presses 'em on your clothing with a hot iron. They come out clean and sharp—can be washed many times. Start wearing them today—swap extras to get the whole set—it's neat fun! Ask *Mom* to get you Kellogg's Shredded Wheat *now!*

Show this to Mom

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Kellogg's
SHREDDED WHEAT
BISCUITS

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CASEY
THE COP
I UNDERSTAND 'LEFTY LOOEY' IS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD -- I'LL HAVE TO BE VERY CAREFUL
EVERYWHERE I GO I SEE PEERING EYES !
WHAT A SPOT! NOT A SOUL AROUND !
THERE! NOW I CAN PRACTICE WITH MY YO-YO IN PEACE !

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TIE SCORE

by Bob Baker

OFFICER Martin O'Clare bought the tie himself and when he brought it home his wife, Mary, raised her hands in horror. "And where did you get that, O'Clare?" she demanded. She sniffed. "That . . . that . . . monstrosity!"

Her spouse frowned, held up the offending tie. "This is a genuine Tintoretto," he said, "and it was given to me by the artist, Angelo Tintoretto, who, as you well know, has a studio on my beat." O'Clare held the creation at arm's length. It looked like an exploded sunburst. "Hand-painted it is, Mary, and I mean to wear it on my days off." He glared at his wife. "Regardless."

"Regardless or no," said Mary O'Clare firmly. "You will *not* wear that tie! You wouldn't want the Faileys laughing at you, would you? And you know how Dennis Failey can laugh."

"He'll not laugh at this tie," O'Clare growled. Sergeant Failey was his friend, and Mrs. Failey was a good friend of O'Clare's wife.

"That tie'll bring you nothing but worry," warned Mary O'Clare, darkly. "Wait and see."

"Hmm," said O'Clare, placing it carefully in a drawer. "I'll be off on my beat."

O'Clare was fond of his artist friend, Angelo Tintoretto. Famous for his window designs, Angelo was somewhat on the eccentric side. For years now he had resisted the encroachment of commerce on his home, a narrow building tucked between the Clarendon National Bank and the store of Wolf the Furrier. He had refused many offers for his property.

Even today, as O'Clare dropped by as usual to pass the time of day, Angelo was in the midst of declining another offer. Angelo's two visitors carried briefcases. While one of the men argued with Angelo, the other inspected the building. O'Clare watched as he walked around tapping the walls.

Angelo grew impatient. "It will do you no good," he said. "I refuse to sell, Chetni. And I am too busy to argue further."

The man called Chetni nodded. "My partner would like to talk to you . . . "

"Not today, he doesn't," said Angelo. "For I am going to talk now to my good friend, Officer O'Clare." He turned away. "Goodbye, Mr. Parton."

Parton, the man to whom he had been talking, called to Chetni and they left. Angelo called after them: "And don't come back! I'm not selling!"

Outside, the two men smiled at each other. "It looks easy," said Chetni, "a cinch."

"But the cop?"

"Dumb. Forget him."

Meanwhile, Mrs. O'Clare was thinking the same thing. "Dumb is the word for O'Clare," she muttered to herself. "And it's up to me to protect him from the ridicule of his friends." She went to the bureau drawer, gingerly picked up the flashy necktie, carried it out to the kitchen and dropped it down the dumbwaiter shaft.

The trash collector leaped back, startled, as the blazing neckpiece fell into the garbage can he was about to remove from the dumbwaiter. Then he touched it gingerly. "A new tie," he said, surprised. "Lake will buy this, all right!"

Lake, the pushcart peddler, called himself the haberdashery prince of the sidewalk merchants. Lake specialized in socks and ties and when he saw what the trash collector was offering, he shook his head. "That I will not touch," he said. "It offends my sense of color. Take it away."

"But it's new, and you can have it for almost anything," the trash collector pleaded. "Look, somebody bought it *once*, didn't they? So, you can sell it again."

Struck by the logic of the argument, Lake paused. If there was one sucker who'd buy such a tie, there'd surely be another.

"A quarter," said Lake, "and I'm gypping myself."

"Sold," said the trashman, happily.

"Sold," said Chetni two days later, and handed over the dollar and a half Lake demanded. "Did you ever see such a tie?" he gurgled to Parton. "Look at it. Look at those colors." He sniffed at the tie. "Hand-painted. It's a steal."

"I am glad you mentioned 'steal'," said Parton, dourly. "Come on, let's pick up the boys and get to work." He looked distastefully at Chetni, who was shedding a less flamboyant tie and donning the sunburst number. "You mean you're going to *wear* that thing?"

"Why not?" Chetni said, unabashed. "It was made to be worn."

It was nearly midnight when Parton and Chetni, after picking up the two men who were going to use acetylene torches to cut through the wall of Angelo's studio, and into Wolf the Furrier's place, stopped their car around the corner from Angelo Tinteretto's home.

Parton looked at his watch. "The cops'll be changing shifts in a few minutes," he said. "You stay around in front of the studio, Chetni. You know the signal."

Chetnik nodded. "Right."

Angelo Tintoretto blinked sleepily as he opened the door in response to Parton's ring. The sleep left his eyes when he saw the gun; it came back again as Parton slugged him. Parton pushed Angelo back into the hall as the artist's knees went limp. "Okay, boys," he said. "Tie him up and start cutting through that wall. I figure we can do the job in an hour." Carefully, he left the door slightly ajar in case Chetni had to open it and whistle the signal. "This is going to be a soft touch," Parton said to the boys. "All the valuable skins we can handle."

Outside, Chetni fumbled in his pockets for a match, intending to light his cigarette. He paused in the act, as a blue-coated policeman turned the corner. It was Officer Martin O'Clare, making the rounds of his beat.

And Officer O'Clare was in a fighting mood. For O'Clare, just prior to reporting to the station house, had discovered that his new tie was missing. Mrs. O'Clare insisted she'd sent it to the cleaners. But O'Clare had his suspicions. Being a good police officer he could not, without evidence, give voice to them. But if the tie got "lost"—and he strongly suspected his wife would insist it had, in a few days—he was going to assert himself.

Chetni was lighting his cigarette as O'Clare came abreast of him. "Good evening, officer," Chetni said. O'Clare touched his stick to his cap automatically, mumbled, " 'Evening, sir."

Then, suddenly, something caught his eye and he stopped. Something familiar. Something bright. He turned quickly. "Where did you get that tie?" he demanded.

The startled Chetni dropped the lighted match. "Why, I—I—bought it in a store," he lied. "Lacy's."

O'Clare's brow furrowed. "You did not," he challenged. "In all the whole world there is but one tie like this." He peered at Chetni. "I've seen you before, someplace, haven't I?"

Although rattled, Chetni managed to regain his composure. He'd have to bluff it out with this dumb and crazy cop. "Sure," he said. "A couple of days ago. I was trying to buy Tinteretto's house. Matter of fact, I just came from there."

"You just came from there?" There was a note of triumph in O'Clare's voice, and Chetni tensed. This was no ordinary cop. This was a madman. The way he was glaring at that tie was proof. Chetni put nervous fingers over the tie.

"So you just came from Angelo's, did you?" said O'Clare triumphantly, "and he didn't mention that tie, I suppose?" His hand closed around Chetni's arm, and he said softly, "If I'm wrong, I'll apologize. Just the same, you and me are going in to see Angelo. Now."

A policeman of O'Clare's calibre couldn't be surprised twice in one night. Besides, the backs of Parton and his two acetylene torch wielders were turned, giving O'Clare plenty of time to get his gun out. And there was plenty of time, too, to reclaim his tie before the wagon arrived to take the four crooks away.

Bob Feller says

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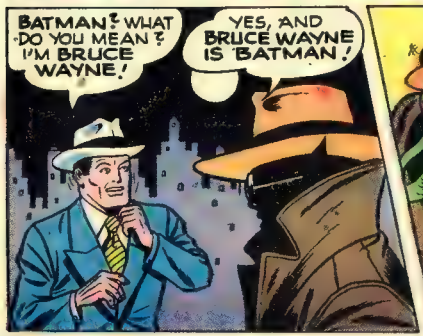
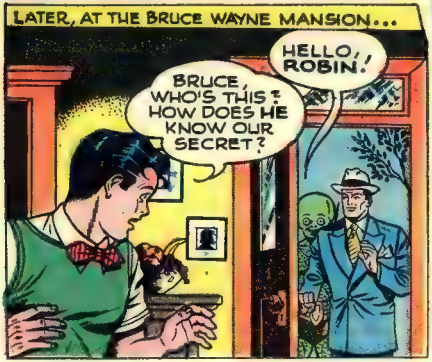
BATMAN
WITH
ROBIN
THE BO
KANE
STRANGEST AND MOST SECRET OF ALL THE THRILLING EXPLOITS OF BATMAN AND ROBIN IS THE WEIRD ADVENTURE THAT TAKES THE TWO GREAT CRIME-FIGHTERS LITERALLY OUT OF THIS WORLD! FOR WHEN A GLOBE FORTY MILLION MILES AWAY FROM OUR EARTH CALLS FOR HELP, THE DYNAMIC DUO PLUNGES ACROSS THE GULF OF SPACE TO RESPOND. YOU'LL BE AMAZED AT THE FUTURE MARVELS THAT UNFOLD FOR YOU ON ANOTHER PLANET, WHEN BRUCE WAYNE BECOMES—
BATMAN, INTERPLANETARY POLICEMAN!

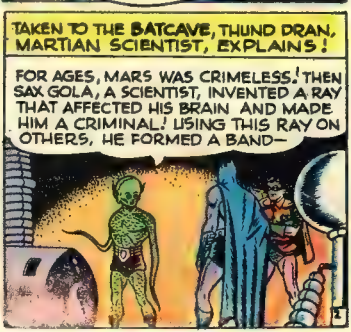
NIGHT-TIME IN GOTHAM CITY, AND SOCIALITE BRUCE WAYNE TAKES A WALK...
ANOTHER JOB DONE. AND NOBODY IN THE WORLD GUESSES I'M BATMAN!
CAFE
DANCE
BATMAN AND ROBIN CRUSH NEW CRIME RACKET!

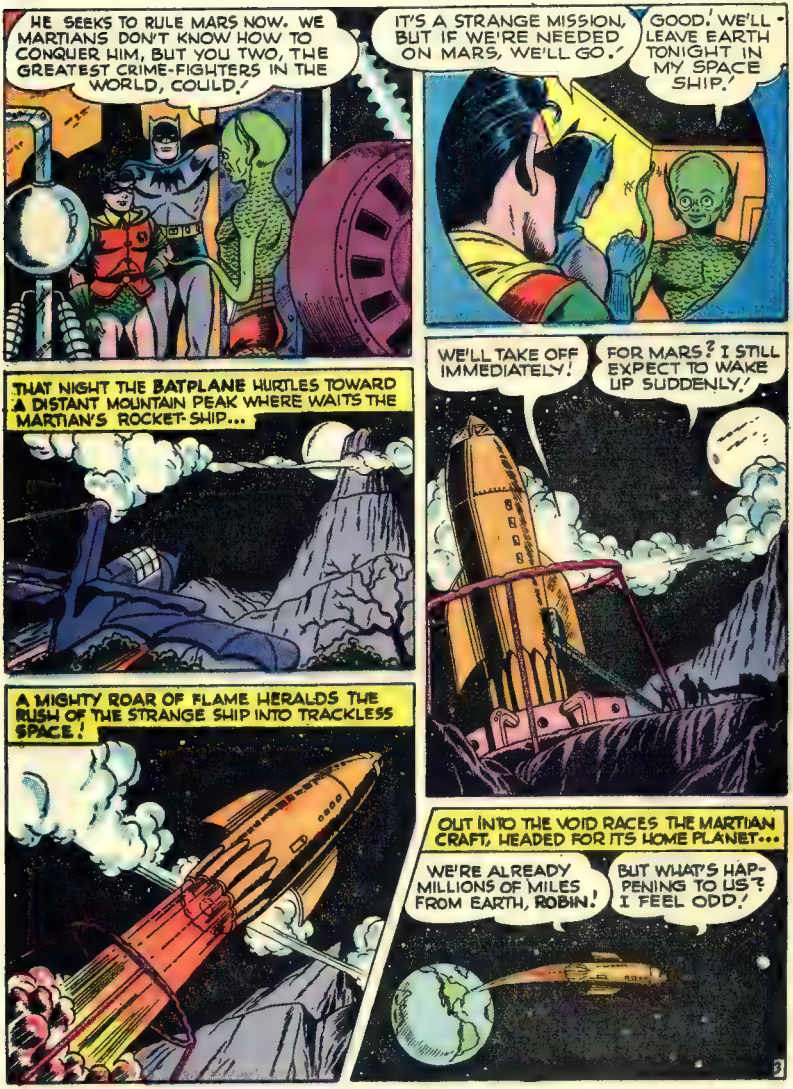
SUDDENLY, A PASSING STRANGER ASKS A FAVOR...
A MATCH? SURE, HERE YOU ARE.
THANKS, BATMAN!

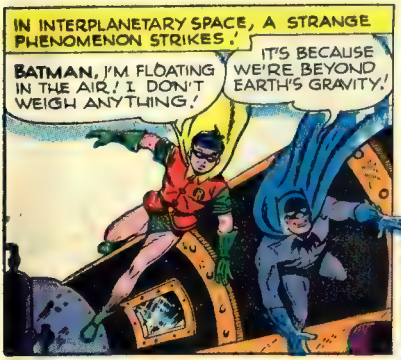

BATMAN? WHAT DO YOU MEAN? I'M BRUCE WAYNE!
YES, AND BRUCE WAYNE IS BATMAN!

I'M FROM MARS! WE MARTIANS HAVE LONG OBSERVED EARTH WITH X-RAY TELESCOPES AND KNOW HOW YOU AND ROBIN FIGHT CRIME! WE NEED YOUR HELP!
I MUST BE DREAMING!

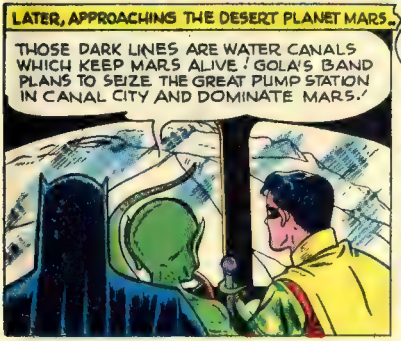

LATER, AT THE BRUCE WAYNE MANSION...
HELLO, ROBIN!
BRUCE, WHO'S THIS? HOW DOES HE KNOW OUR SECRET?

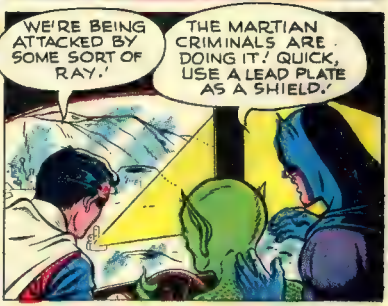

TAKEN TO THE BATCAVE, THUND DRAN, MARTIAN SCIENTIST, EXPLAINS!
FOR AGES, MARS WAS CRIMELESS! THEN SAX GOLA, A SCIENTIST, INVENTED A RAY THAT AFFECTED HIS BRAIN AND MADE HIM A CRIMINAL! USING THIS RAY ON OTHERS, HE FORMED A BAND—

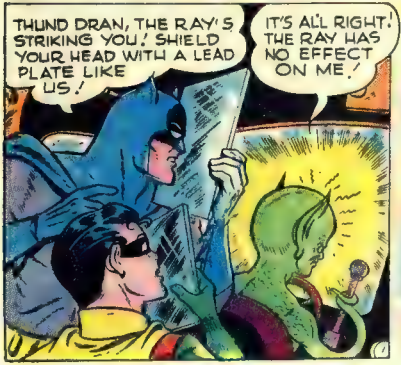

HE SEEKS TO RULE MARS NOW. WE MARTIANS DON'T KNOW HOW TO CONQUER HIM, BUT YOU TWO, THE GREATEST CRIME-FIGHTERS IN THE WORLD, COULD.'
IT'S A STRANGE MISSION, BUT IF WE'RE NEEDED ON MARS, WE'LL GO.'
GOOD.' WE'LL LEAVE EARTH TONIGHT IN MY SPACE SHIP.'
THAT NIGHT THE BATPLANE HURTLES TOWARD A DISTANT MOUNTAIN PEAK WHERE WAITS THE MARTIAN'S ROCKET-SHIP...
WE'LL TAKE OFF IMMEDIATELY!
FOR MARS? I STILL EXPECT TO WAKE UP SUDDENLY.'
A MIGHTY ROAR OF FLAME HERALDS THE RUSH OF THE STRANGE SHIP INTO TRACKLESS SPACE!
OUT INTO THE VOID RACES THE MARTIAN CRAFT, HEADED FOR ITS HOME PLANET...
WE'RE ALREADY MILLIONS OF MILES FROM EARTH, ROBIN!
BUT WHAT'S HAPPENING TO US? I FEEL ODD.'


IN INTERPLANETARY SPACE, A STRANGE PHENOMENON STRIKES.!
BATMAN, I'M FLOATING IN THE AIR! I DON'T WEIGH ANYTHING!
IT'S BECAUSE WE'RE BEYOND EARTH'S GRAVITY!

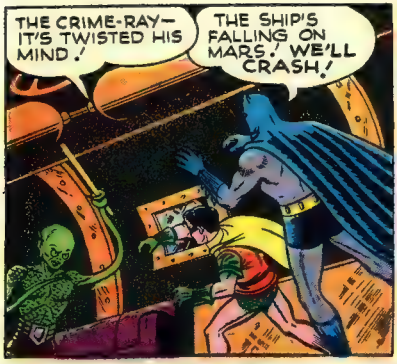
NOTHING WEIGHS ANYTHING OUT HERE. TO GET A DRINK, YOU HAVE TO SQUEEZE IT OUT OF A RUBBER BULB.!
GUESS I MIGHT AS WELL GO TO SLEEP RIGHT HERE!

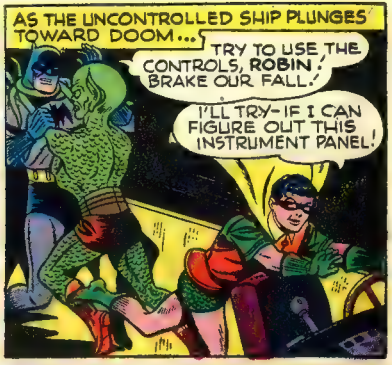

LATER, APPROACHING THE DESERT PLANET MARS.
THOSE DARK LINES ARE WATER CANALS WHICH KEEP MARS ALIVE! GOLA'S BAND PLANS TO SEIZE THE GREAT PUMP STATION IN CANAL CITY AND DOMINATE MARS!

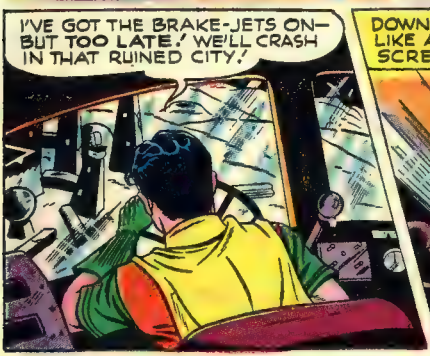

WE'RE BEING ATTACKED BY SOME SORT OF RAY!
THE MARTIAN CRIMINALS ARE DOING IT! QUICK, USE A LEAD PLATE AS A SHIELD!

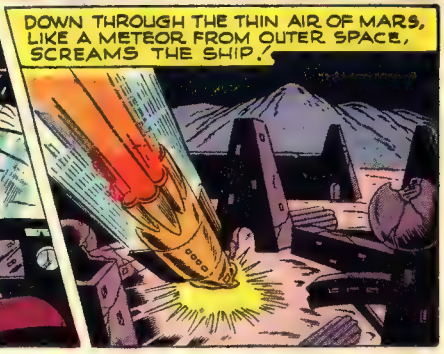

THUND DRAN, THE RAY'S STRIKING YOU! SHIELD YOUR HEAD WITH A LEAD PLATE LIKE US!
IT'S ALL RIGHT! THE RAY HAS NO EFFECT ON ME!

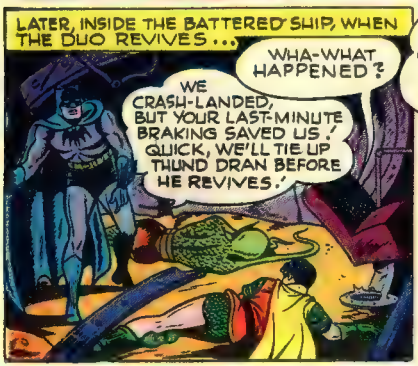
NO EFFECT! SWIFTLY A TERRIBLE CHANGE TAKES PLACE IN THE PATRIOTIC MARTIAN SCIENTIST!
HE'S GONE MAD! LOOK AT HIS FACE! HE ISN'T THE SAME MAN!
I'M GOING TO KILL YOU TWO AND THEN JOIN SAX GOLA!

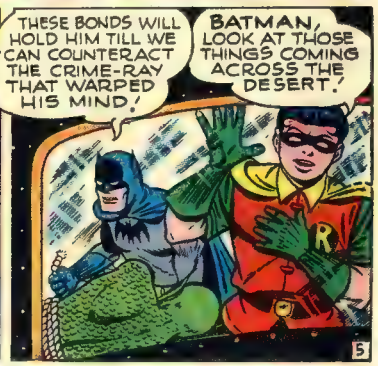

THE CRIME-RAY— IT'S TWISTED HIS MIND!
THE SHIP'S FALLING ON MARS! WE'LL CRASH!


AS THE UNCONTROLLED SHIP PLUNGES TOWARD DOOM...
TRY TO USE THE CONTROLS, ROBIN! BRAKE OUR FALL!
I'LL TRY—IF I CAN FIGURE OUT THIS INSTRUMENT PANEL!

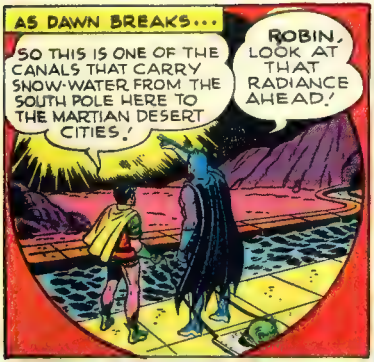

I'VE GOT THE BRAKE-JETS ON— BUT TOO LATE! WE'LL CRASH IN THAT RUINED CITY!

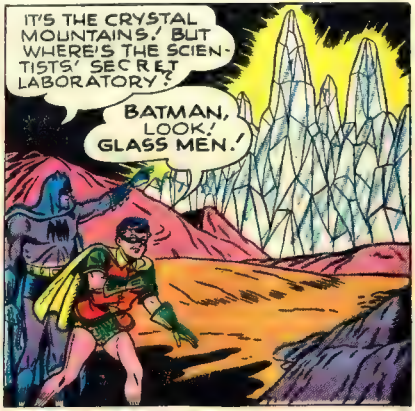

DOWN THROUGH THE THIN AIR OF MARS, LIKE A METEOR FROM OUTER SPACE, SCREAMS THE SHIP!

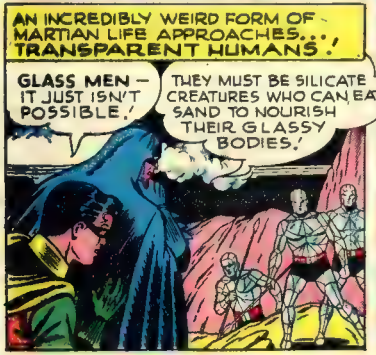

LATER, INSIDE THE BATTERED SHIP, WHEN THE DUO REVIVES...
WHA-WHAT HAPPENED?
WE CRASH-LANDED, BUT YOUR LAST-MINUTE BRAKING SAVED US! QUICK, WE'LL TIE UP THUND DRAN BEFORE HE REVIVES!

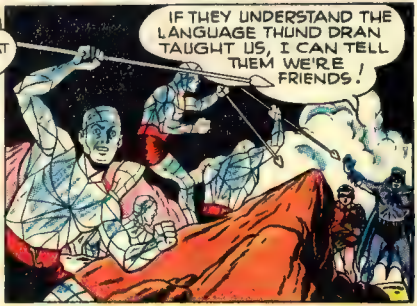

THESE BONDS WILL HOLD HIM TILL WE CAN COUNTERACT THE CRIME-RAY THAT WARPED HIS MIND!
BATMAN, LOOK AT THOSE THINGS COMING ACROSS THE DESERT!

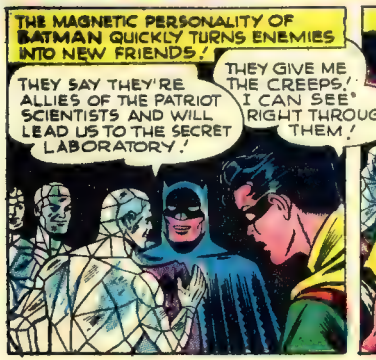
IT MUST BE THE MARTIAN CRIMINALS, BATMAN! THEY'RE FIRING FLAME-GUNS AT US!
WE'VE ONLY GOT ONE CHANCE TO STOP THEM!
USING THE BATTERED SHIP'S STEERING-JETS TO TURN IT ON THE GROUND...
NOW OUR STERN JET-TUBES POINT AT THOSE ATTACKING SNAKEMOBILES.
I GET IT! WE'LL JET-BLAST THEM!
SCANT SECONDS LATER...
THAT DID IT, BATMAN! OUR JETS SCARED THEM OFF!
SOON...
THEY'RE GONE... BUT WHAT DO WE DO NOW? THUND DRAN'S MIND IS STILL WARPED!
WE HAVE TO FIND THE OTHER MARTIAN PATRIOT SCIENTISTS!
HE SAID THEIR SECRET LABORATORY IS IN THE CRYSTAL MOUNTAINS TO THE SOUTH. WE MUST FIND IT!
WITH THE SHIP WRECKED, IT'S A LONG HIKE!
AS NIGHT FALLS, TWO INTREPID ADVENTURERS TOIL SOUTHWARD UNDER THE TWIN MOONS OF MARS.
LUCKY THINGS WEIGH LESS ON MARS, OR WE COULDN'T TOW THIS MAKESHIFT SLEDGE SO EASILY!
THERE'S A CANAL, AHEAD. WE'LL FOLLOW IT SOUTH!
6

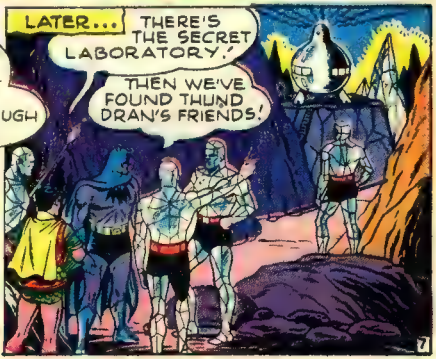

AS DAWN BREAKS...
SO THIS IS ONE OF THE CANALS THAT CARRY SNOW-WATER FROM THE SOUTH POLE HERE TO THE MARTIAN DESERT CITIES.
ROBIN, LOOK AT THAT RADIANCE AHEAD!

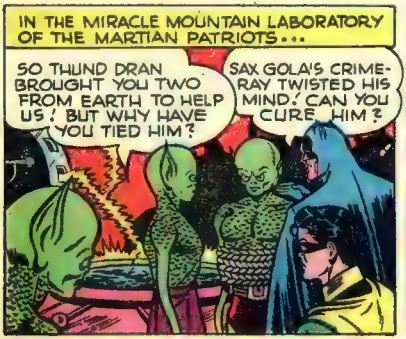

IT'S THE CRYSTAL MOUNTAINS! BUT WHERE'S THE SCIENTISTS' SECRET LABORATORY?
BATMAN, LOOK! GLASS MEN!

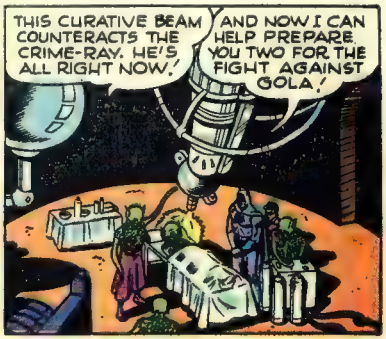

AN INCREDIBLY WEIRD FORM OF MARTIAN LIFE APPROACHES... TRANSPARENT HUMANS!
GLASS MEN — IT JUST ISN'T POSSIBLE!
THEY MUST BE SILICATE CREATURES WHO CAN EAT SAND TO NOURISH THEIR GLASSY BODIES!

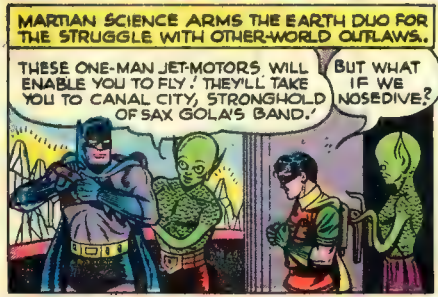

IF THEY UNDERSTAND THE LANGUAGE THUND DRAN TAUGHT US, I CAN TELL THEM WE'RE FRIENDS!

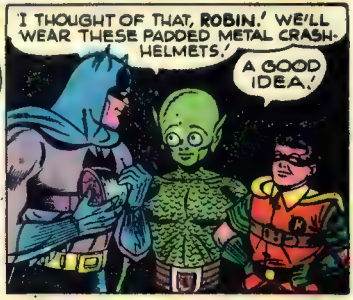

THE MAGNETIC PERSONALITY OF BATMAN QUICKLY TURNS ENEMIES INTO NEW FRIENDS!
THEY SAY THEY'RE ALLIES OF THE PATRIOT SCIENTISTS AND WILL LEAD US TO THE SECRET LABORATORY!
THEY GIVE ME THE CREEPS! I CAN SEE RIGHT THROUGH THEM!

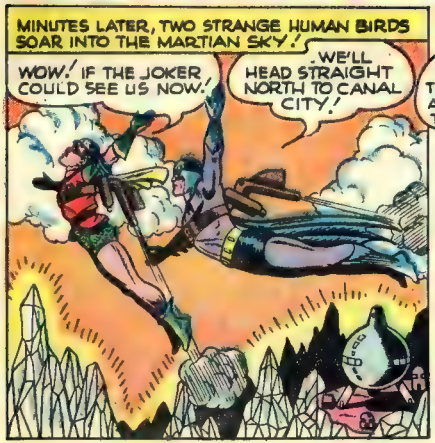

LATER...
THERE'S THE SECRET LABORATORY!
THEN WE'VE FOUND THUND DRAN'S FRIENDS!

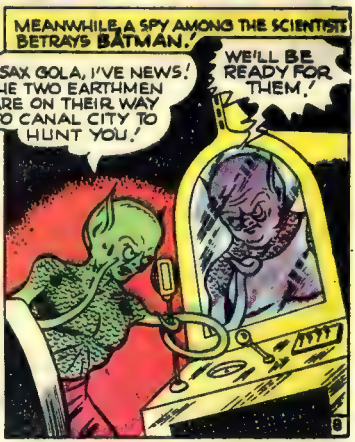

IN THE MIRACLE MOUNTAIN LABORATORY OF THE MARTIAN PATRIOTS...
SO THUND DRAN BROUGHT YOU TWO FROM EARTH TO HELP US! BUT WHY HAVE YOU TIED HIM?
SAX GOLA'S CRIME-RAY TWISTED HIS MIND! CAN YOU CURE HIM?

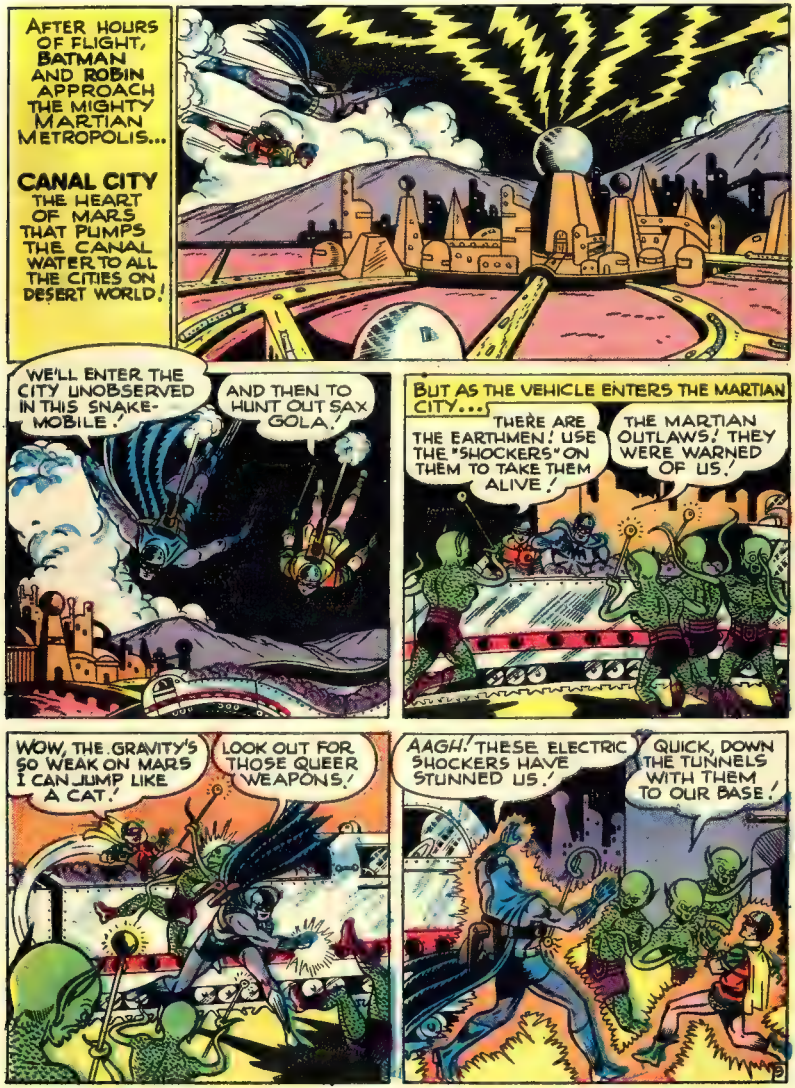

THIS CURATIVE BEAM COUNTERACTS THE CRIME-RAY. HE'S ALL RIGHT NOW!
AND NOW I CAN HELP PREPARE YOU TWO FOR THE FIGHT AGAINST GOLA!


MARTIAN SCIENCE ARMS THE EARTH DUO FOR THE STRUGGLE WITH OTHER-WORLD OUTLAWS.
THESE ONE-MAN JET-MOTORS WILL ENABLE YOU TO FLY! THEY'LL TAKE YOU TO CANAL CITY, STRONGHOLD OF SAX GOLA'S BAND!
BUT WHAT IF WE NOSEDIVE?


I THOUGHT OF THAT, ROBIN! WE'LL WEAR THESE PADDED METAL CRASH-HELMETS!
A GOOD IDEA!

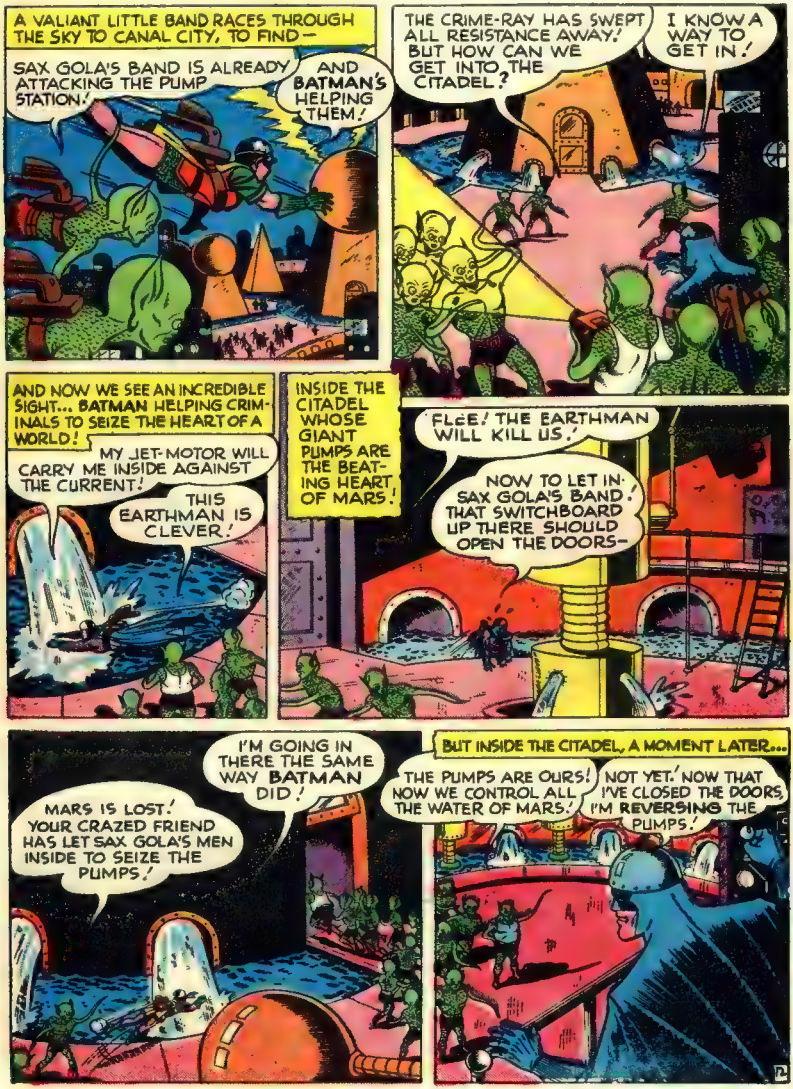

MINUTES LATER, TWO STRANGE HUMAN BIRDS SOAR INTO THE MARTIAN SKY!
WOW! IF THE JOKER COULD SEE US NOW!
WE'LL HEAD STRAIGHT NORTH TO CANAL CITY!


MEANWHILE, A SPY AMONG THE SCIENTISTS BETRAYS BATMAN!
SAX GOLA, I'VE NEWS! THE TWO EARTHMEN ARE ON THEIR WAY TO CANAL CITY TO HUNT YOU!
WE'LL BE READY FOR THEM!


AFTER HOURS OF FLIGHT, BATMAN AND ROBIN APPROACH THE MIGHTY MARTIAN METROPOLIS...
CANAL CITY THE HEART OF MARS THAT PUMPS THE CANAL WATER TO ALL THE CITIES ON DESERT WORLD!
WE'LL ENTER THE CITY UNOBSERVED IN THIS SNAKE-MOBILE!
AND THEN TO HUNT OUT SAX GOLA!
BUT AS THE VEHICLE ENTERS THE MARTIAN CITY...
THERE ARE THE EARTHMEN! USE THE "SHOCKERS" ON THEM TO TAKE THEM ALIVE!
THE MARTIAN OUTLAWS! THEY WERE WARNED OF US!
WOW, THE GRAVITY'S SO WEAK ON MARS I CAN JUMP LIKE A CAT!
LOOK OUT FOR THOSE QUEER WEAPONS!
AAGH! THESE ELECTRIC SHOCKERS HAVE STUNNED US!
QUICK, DOWN THE TUNNELS WITH THEM TO OUR BASE!

PRESENTLY, INSIDE THE ANCIENT TUNNELS BENEATH THE MARTIAN METROPOLIS...
I DON'T SEE ANY OF THE GIANT CATS!
BE CAREFUL—THEY ROAM THESE OLD TUNNELS!
YOU TWO EARTHMEN ARE COURAGEOUS! YOU CAN HELP US SEIZE THE PUMP-STATION!
DO YOU THINK WE'D EVER HELP YOU, SAX GOLA!
THE CRIME-RAY WILL CHANGE YOUR NOBLE IDEAS AND MAKE YOU ONE OF US!
I WON'T! I—I—
UNDER THE EVIL RAY, BATMAN'S FACE TWISTS...MENACE GLARES FROM HIS EYES...
AFTER ALL, WHY NOT? YES, I'LL JOIN YOU, SAX GOLA!
AFTER WE CONQUER MARS, WE'LL USE MARTIAN SCIENCE TO RULE EARTH, TOO!
BATMAN, NO! YOU CAN'T MEAN IT! THE CRIME-RAY HAS WARPED YOUR MIND!
I'VE GOT TO WARN THUND DRAN THAT BATMAN'S BEEN CRAZED! IF I CAN JUST TURN ON MY JET-MOTOR—
10

THE JET-MOTOR ROARS INTO LIFE AND ROBIN HURTLES FORTH, A HUMAN PROJECTILE...
IF I CAN JUST SQUIRM MY ARMS ENOUGH TO STEER.'
THE YOUNG EARTHMAN ESCAPES.' GRAB HIM.'
LOOK OUT.' GIANT CATS AHEAD.'
I'VE GOT TO CRASH THROUGH.'
THE STARTLED BEASTS RECOIL WILDLY AS THE BOY WONDER ROCKETS BETWEEN THEM.'
I MADE IT.' NOW TO GET OUT OF HERE AND FLY SOUTH TO WARN THUND DRAN.
IF THE PATRIOT-SCIENTISTS CAN HELP ME SAVE BATMAN AND RESTORE HIS MIND—
HOURS LATER...
SAX GOLA'S CRIME-RAY HAS CRAZED BATMAN. WE WILL TRY TO SEIZE THE PUMPS NOW.'
WE COULD MARCH NORTH WITH THE GLASS MEN, BUT THAT WOULD TAKE DAYS.'
WE CAN'T WAIT DAYS! I'M GOING BACK TO SAVE BATMAN IF I HAVE TO GO ALONE.'
WE SHALL NOT LET YOU GO ALONE.' WE FEW SCIENTISTS WILL STRIKE WITH YOU.'


A VALIANT LITTLE BAND RACES THROUGH THE SKY TO CANAL CITY, TO FIND—
SAX GOLA'S BAND IS ALREADY ATTACKING THE PUMP STATION!
AND BATMAN'S HELPING THEM!
THE CRIME-RAY HAS SWEPT ALL RESISTANCE AWAY! BUT HOW CAN WE GET INTO THE CITADEL?
I KNOW A WAY TO GET IN!
AND NOW WE SEE AN INCREDIBLE SIGHT... BATMAN HELPING CRIMINALS TO SEIZE THE HEART OF A WORLD!
MY JET-MOTOR WILL CARRY ME INSIDE AGAINST THE CURRENT!
THIS EARTHMAN IS CLEVER!
INSIDE THE CITADEL WHOSE GIANT PUMPS ARE THE BEATING HEART OF MARS!
FLEE! THE EARTHMAN WILL KILL US!
NOW TO LET IN SAX GOLA'S BAND! THAT SWITCHBOARD UP THERE SHOULD OPEN THE DOORS—
I'M GOING IN THERE THE SAME WAY BATMAN DID!
MARS IS LOST! YOUR CRAZED FRIEND HAS LET SAX GOLA'S MEN INSIDE TO SEIZE THE PUMPS!
BUT INSIDE THE CITADEL, A MOMENT LATER...
THE PUMPS ARE OURS! NOW WE CONTROL ALL THE WATER OF MARS!
NOT YET! NOW THAT I'VE CLOSED THE DOORS, I'M REVERSING THE PUMPS!

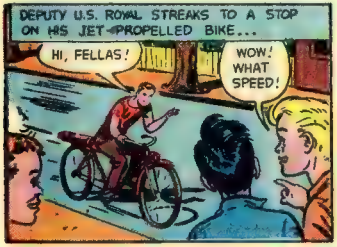
THE PUMPS ARE SUCKING IN WATER NOW- TO DROWN YOU LIKE RATS UNLESS YOU SURRENDER!
THE EARTHMAN WAS DECEIVING US ALL ALONG! HE PLANNED TO TRAP US HERE.
YES, AND I THINK THEY'RE READY TO GIVE UP NOW! I'LL TURN OFF THE PUMPS SO THUND DRAN'S MEN CAN ENTER.
BATMAN, YOU WEREN'T CRAZED! YOU HAD THIS IN MIND FROM THE FIRST!
SOON...
YOU SAVED MARS BY TRAPPING THEM HERE! BUT WE THOUGHT YOU WERE CRIME-CRAZED!
YES, WHY DIDN'T THE CRIME-RAY AFFECT YOU?
THESE CRASH-HELMETS I MADE FOR US HAVE A LINING OF LEAD, WHICH, YOU WILL RECALL, IS IMPERVIOUS TO THE CRIME-RAY. I ONLY PRETENDED TO BE CRAZED BY IT.
LATER...
GOODBYE, BATMAN! OUR WORLD OWES YOU A REWARD WE CAN NEVER PAY.
THE ONLY REWARD WE WANT IS TO BE TAKEN BACK TO EARTH SECRETLY.
AND DAYS AFTERWARDS..
NOBODY IN THIS WORLD, ANYWAY!
NOBODY IN THE WORLD KNOWS WHO BATMAN REALLY IS!
THE END

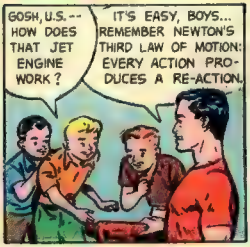
"U.S." ROYAL

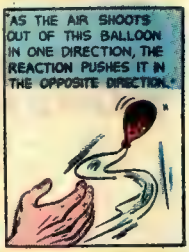
WITH HIS

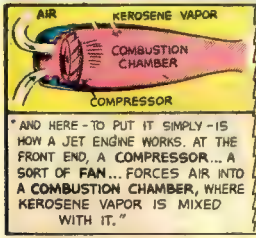
JET-PROPELLED BIKE

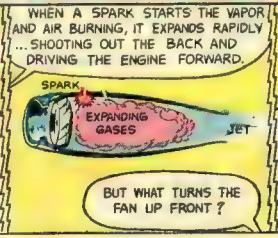
HOW JET-PROPULSION WORKS

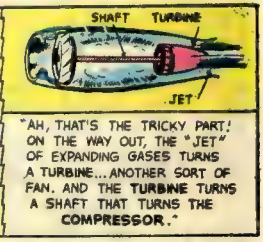


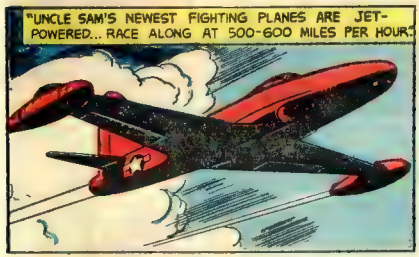

GOSH, U.S.-- HOW DOES THAT JET ENGINE WORK?
IT'S EASY, BOYS... REMEMBER NEWTON'S THIRD LAW OF MOTION: EVERY ACTION PRODUCES A RE-ACTION.

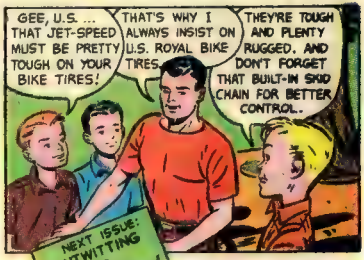


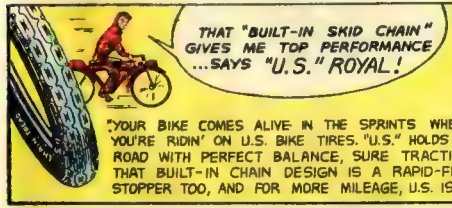

AIR
KEROSENE VAPOR
COMBUSTION CHAMBER
COMPRESSOR
"AND HERE-TO PUT IT SIMPLY-IS HOW A JET ENGINE WORKS. AT THE FRONT END, A COMPRESSOR... A SORT OF FAN... FORCES AIR INTO A COMBUSTION CHAMBER, WHERE KEROSENE VAPOR IS MIXED WITH IT."


WHEN A SPARK STARTS THE VAPOR AND AIR BURNING, IT EXPANDS RAPIDLY ...SHOOTING OUT THE BACK AND DRIVING THE ENGINE FORWARD.
SPARK
EXPANDING GASES
JET
BUT WHAT TURNS THE FAN UP FRONT?


SHAFT
TURBINE
JET
"AH, THAT'S THE TRICKY PART! ON THE WAY OUT, THE "JET" OF EXPANDING GASES TURNS A TURBINE... ANOTHER SORT OF FAN. AND THE TURBINE TURNS A SHAFT THAT TURNS THE COMPRESSOR."

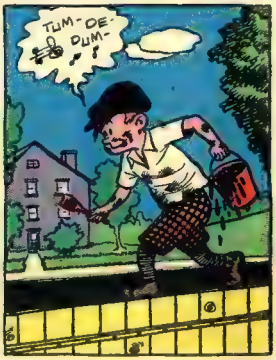


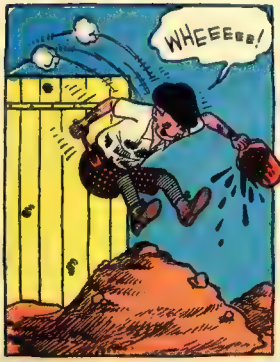

GEE, U.S. ... THAT JET-SPEED MUST BE PRETTY TOUGH ON YOUR BIKE TIRES!
THAT'S WHY I ALWAYS INSIST ON U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES.
THEY'RE TOUGH AND PLENTY RUGGED. AND DON'T FORGET THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN FOR BETTER CONTROL.
NEXT ISSUE: OUTWITTING THE KIDNAPPERS!

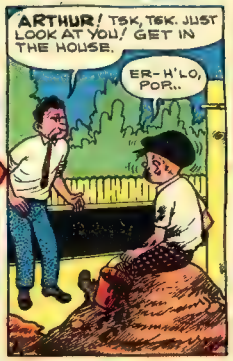

THAT "BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN" GIVES ME TOP PERFORMANCE ...SAYS "U.S." ROYAL!
"YOUR BIKE COMES ALIVE IN THE SPRINTS WHEN YOU'RE RIDIN' ON U.S. BIKE TIRES. "U.S." HOLDS THE ROAD WITH PERFECT BALANCE, SURE TRACTION. THAT BUILT-IN CHAIN DESIGN IS A RAPID-FIRE STOPPER TOO, AND FOR MORE MILEAGE, U.S. IS TOPS."
U.S.
BIKE TIRES
America's Fastest Selling Tires
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Serving Through Science

LITTLE
ARTHUR

MUD PIES! BOY, THIS IS FUN! I'LL FILL MY PAIL SO I CAN MAKE LOTS OF 'EM.

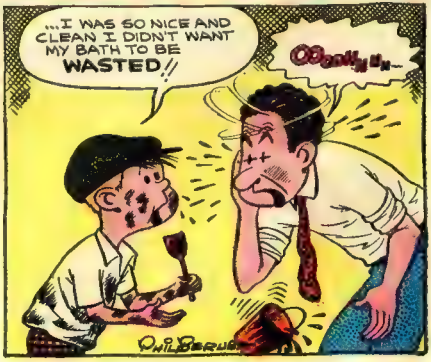

TUM-DE-DUM-


WHEEEEE!


ARTHUR! TSK, TSK. JUST LOOK AT YOU! GET IN THE HOUSE.
ER-H'LO, POP..

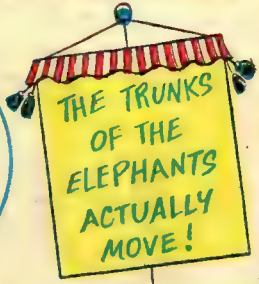
I DON'T SEE ANY OF THE OTHER KIDS PLAYING WITH MUD AND GETTING ALL DIRTY!
-BUT YOU FORGET, POP. THIS IS MY BATH NIGHT!

SO IT IS. BUT WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES THAT MAKE?
WELL...


...I WAS SO NICE AND CLEAN I DIDN'T WANT MY BATH TO BE WASTED!!
OWILSBERG

READY NOW... YOUR OWN CIRCUS!

Yours for 10¢ and a GRAPE-NUTS BOX TOP!



The four agile acrobats do REAL TRICKS!

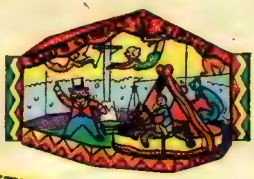
WOW, what a show you can give with a home circus like this!

The trunks of the two elephants actually move. The four agile acrobats do real tricks. The merry-go-round goes round and round!

And that's not all . . . there's a boxing kangaroo, a seal that balances a ball, two horses with bareback riders, three funny clowns, two monkeys, two bears, and a big, bright-colored circus tent to house the whole show.

It's all die-cut, lithographed in gay circus colors on durable cardboard. Nothing to cut. Nothing to paste.

You get the whole shebang for one dime and the top of a box of GRAPE-NUTS . . . the malty, *sugaroasted* cereal that always tastes like more. Use this coupon. Rush your box top and your dime today.



HURRY! HURRY! HURRY!

Post's Cereals Circus
Box 259-A, Battle Creek, Michigan

Here you are, one box top and one dime. Let's have Circus Ring No. 2.

NAME_____

STREET & NO._____

CITY_____ STATE_____

10¢

ADVERTISEMENT

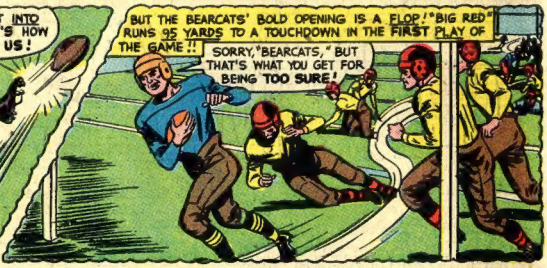
FAMOUS SPORTS FLOPS

The "TOO-SURE ELEVEN"

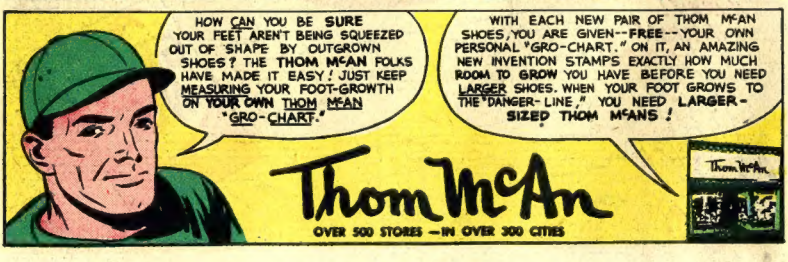
A TRIP INTO THE PAST WITH THOM McAN AND HIS MAGIC "BAZOOKA-SHOES"

HOLD IT! HERE'S THOM McAN!
TIME OUT, FELLOWS! I'VE JUST COME BACK FROM ANOTHER "BAZOOKA-SHOE" FLIGHT INTO THE PAST... WHERE I SAW AN AMAZING GRIDIRON "SPORTS FLOP"!

"BIG RED" WAS THE WORLD'S BEST FOOTBALL PLAYER. BUT THE UNBEATEN "BEARCATS" WERE SURE THEY COULD DEFEAT HIM... TOO SURE!
WHERE'S "BIG RED"? WE WANT TO KICK OFF STRAIGHT TO HIM!
YOU GUYS HAVE ENOUGH TROUBLE AHEAD WITHOUT ASKING FOR IT! BUT HE'S RIGHT BACK THERE!


BUT THE BEARCATS' BOLD OPENING IS A FLOP! "BIG RED" RUNS 95 YARDS TO A TOUCHDOWN IN THE FIRST PLAY OF THE GAME!!
SORRY, "BEARCATS," BUT THAT'S WHAT YOU GET FOR BEING TOO SURE!

TAKE YOUR FEET, FOR EXAMPLE. JUST BECAUSE THEY FEEL O.K., DON'T BE TOO SURE THEY ARE. SOFT YOUNG FOOT-BONES CAN'T "CRY OUT," "EVEN WHEN CRAMPED BY OUTGROWN SHOES!


HOW CAN YOU BE SURE YOUR FEET AREN'T BEING SQUEEZED OUT OF SHAPE BY OUTGROWN SHOES? THE THOM McAN FOLKS HAVE MADE IT EASY! JUST KEEP MEASURING YOUR FOOT-GROWTH ON YOUR OWN THOM McAN "GRO-CHART."
WITH EACH NEW PAIR OF THOM McAN SHOES, YOU ARE GIVEN--FREE--YOUR OWN PERSONAL "GRO-CHART." ON IT, AN AMAZING NEW INVENTION STAMPS EXACTLY HOW MUCH ROOM TO GROW YOU HAVE BEFORE YOU NEED LARGER SHOES. WHEN YOUR FOOT GROWS TO THE "DANGER-LINE," YOU NEED LARGER-SIZED THOM McANS!
Thom McAn
OVER 500 STORES — IN OVER 300 CITIES

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is for TAPIR,
A COUSIN TO RHINO,
WHO'LL TELL YOU
THIS SYMBOL
MEANS BOOKS THAT
ARE FINE-OH!

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Published In The Interest of Parents . . . Present and Future Air Rifle Owners . . . The Public

SHOOT SAFE BUDDY!

BOYS! SHOW THIS MESSAGE TO YOUR PARENTS!

You'll never see a real outdoorsman aim or shoot his rifle at anything but a safe, proper target . . . he handles his firearms with care and respect. Your Daisy is made for fun shooting. It is not a lethal weapon but . . . like a knife, or auto it may cause damage if handled carelessly. So do not aim or shoot at windows, street lights, song-birds, pets, property or any other person . . . ever! Remember, carelessness causes accidents to millions of Americans every year in cars, homes, factories. So . . . if you are careless with your Daisy or abuse the privilege of owning one . . . . . your parents, guardian or police have the right to take it from you . . and should! Don't let this happen. Be careful. Aim and shoot safe, Buddy!

MEMORIZE THE SHOOTER'S SAFETY PLEDGE!

I pledge myself to PROTECT animals, property and people in my community by always aiming and shooting my Daisy safely!

SAFETY TIPS

BICYCLE SAFELY...

Careless bicycling may cause accidents! Always ride single file. Never "hitch on" to car or truck. Follow all traffic signs, rules. Avoid ruts. Ride close to right edge of road. Use hand signals for turns, stops.

ROLLER SKATE SAFELY...

Avoid roller skating accidents by being careful. Always skate on sidewalk. Come to stop at curbs. Cross streets at corners only. Do not "hitch" on to bicyclists. Cross small cracks at right angles.

DRIVE SAFELY...

An average of more than ONE MILLION children, women, men are injured every year in traffic accidents! Think that over, Buddy! Decide now that when you are *old enough* to get your driver's license—and after you get it—you will *remember* and *follow* the safety driving rules you learned.

CROSS STREETS SAFELY...

Always stop at curb, look right and left to see if street is clear. Cross streets only at corners. Obey signal lights. Remember, an auto moves *faster* than you can run. And don't run . . . walk!

AND SHOOT SAFE BUDDY!

Get Your DAISY HANDBOOK NOW!

Ready—the amazing 128-page DAISY HANDBOOK—your guide to safer shooting, more fun! Featuring Red Ryder, Buck Rogers comic strips—atomic bombs—how to saddle western style—adventure stories—jokes—mechanical marvels explained — trick shots — manual of marksmanship — woodcraft tips — many others. Also included . . . complete Daisy Air Rifle Catalog describing the beautiful Daisys being made and delivered to dealers fast as the supply of materials and labor permits. Get your Handbook. Hurry—limited supply. Mail dime (10c) and unused 3c stamp with name, address to Daisy—we'll send Handbook postpaid!

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RED RYDER CARBINE MODEL No. 111 $4.25

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DAISY AIR RIFLES . . . QUALITY PRODUCTS OF

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